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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

BY

ALFRED HENRY HUTH.

"I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

23098
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London:

MPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1880.

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LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

ON the 11th he returned to London, and "had a long visit from Parker, who does not like to publish my reply to Coleridge in *Fraser;* but recommends me to put it forward in a pamphlet, which I shall probably do." And he writes as follows to Mrs. Grey:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *14th June*, 1859.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,— * * * Mr. Parker has just left me. It is probable that I shall publish a pamphlet about Coleridge and Pooley. This, not being quite *settled*, please not to mention; but I should be glad to hear from you *what points* in my accusation of the judge you think Mr. Coleridge has invalidated. When we meet on Thursday will

be time enough: but I should be glad if you will write down the heads. All I want is your judgment as to whether or not Mr. Coleridge has set aside any of my charges."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *24th June*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[21]—As I have not heard from you, I suppose you have no remark to make; if so, the pamphlet had better be published immediately. Please not to forget to send copies to * * * and twenty copies to me.

"A young friend of mine is collecting autographs. Would you be kind enough to preserve for me some of your best authors?"

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *24th June*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[21]—I almost fear whether you will receive this before you return on Monday, but I chance it, as I will not go to press until I have your opinion about the duration of the imprisonment.

"*All* the accounts I can now lay my hands on say twenty-one months. This is given, not only in the *Reasoner*, and in Mr. Holyoake's pamphlet, but

[21] Mr. Parker.

also in the *Spectator* of 8th August, 1857, and in [the] *Times* of 3rd August. To the *argument* of my pamphlet it matters (as you truly say) nothing; but to the *point* of it, it matters a good deal. Besides, in my essay I said twenty-one months (as Mr. Mill in his *Liberty*, I believe, also says); and though I would willingly recant an error, I do not wish even in a matter of detail to represent myself as being wrong when I am probably right. The *Saturday Review* stands *alone* in calling it eighteen months. The *Solicitors' Journal* (I think) said twenty-one; but of this I am not sure. I *must* ascertain this. Surely there are means in this free country of learning beyond the possibility of a doubt what any sentence was? and I would rather stay in town and keep the pamphlet back than be baffled.

"There seems a good deal of force in what you say of Pooley having 'traduced' the author of Christianity. Therefore I have omitted the 'hurt no one and traduced no one,' and inserted 'neither hurt nor traduced any living being.' This is a real improvement, and I am much obliged to you for having been the means of putting it into my head.

"Could the clerk of the records be written to?

"Sincerely yours, &c.

"The *first* petition to Sir G. Grey, which I have seen, but cannot at the moment refer to, also mentions twenty-one months. This I am sure of."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *25th June*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[22]—Since writing to you yesterday I saw Mr. Mayo, and he undertook to get official evidence of the sentence. I have this moment received his letter. On the other side I give an extract of his own words, in order that you may judge if they set the matter at rest. The clerk *may* have been speaking from the memory of what he saw in the newspapers; and you will observe that it is not said that he referred to any document stating what the sentence was. Can we not have an attested copy of the sentence on paying a fee? I need hardly say that to be beyond the possibility of doubt I would gladly pay such fee. I shall not send the proof to the printers till I hear from you. On Monday I leave home at two o'clock, and shall be out all the afternoon till about seven.

"Yours very truly, &c.

"Mr. Mayo writes:—

"'I was directed to the Clerk of the Western

[22] Mr. Parker.

Assize, Mr. Sidney Gurney House; and his clerk let me glance over the parchment indictment in his office containing four counts; and on the last of the indictment it was written that the prisoner was found guilty of the 1st, 3rd, and 4th counts; and the clerk informed me that he knew positively that the sentence was for twenty-one months' imprisonment in the gaol—six months on the first count; six months on the third count; and nine months on the fourth count. The clerk said a copy could be had of the indictment if necessary, but only allowed me to glance over it without noting anything on paper.'

"Thus far Mr. Mayo. A copy of the indictment I should not much care about; but a copy or memorandum of the sentence would be satisfactory—though I cannot possibly believe that *all* the accounts are wrong and the *Saturday Review* alone right. Besides, I don't think Mr. Coleridge would have let slip the opportunity of taunting me with inaccuracy."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *27th June*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[23]—I will write immediately to Mr. Mayo, and try if I cannot get official and

[23] Mr. Parker.

attested evidence; for as there is, to my mind, scarcely any doubt of twenty-one months being the term, I do not see why I should needlessly charge myself with inaccuracy.

"In my letter I have purposely used less strong language than in my essay; partly because there was no need to repeat what I had already said, and partly because I wished to consider you as the publisher. But surely I have a right to *comment* as I like upon the public conduct of a public magistrate? and this is all I have done. The most severe expressions I have used are 'cruelty,' and 'evil deed;' and if the sentence on Pooley was not an act of cruelty, what does the word mean? The infliction of needlessly severe punishment is cruelty, even if the motive is good. For instance: an *honest* and *well-intentioned* schoolmaster may be cruel, and would be punished however pure his motives might be. This at least is my way of looking at it; and if I am right, then indeed *a fortiori* an act of cruelty by a judge is an *evil deed.*

"In regard to your responsibility, I will write you any sort of letter you desire, with the understanding that you shall show it to whoever you like. You published (and I am glad you did so)

Mr. Coleridge's letter, charging me with slander and malignity—can he expect that you, my sole publisher, should object to print my rejoinder, when it does not even appear in your magazine, but as a pamphlet with my name?

"Yours very truly, &c.

"If you are 'identified' with my attack, then every publisher makes himself responsible for a *signed letter* which he publishes as a pamphlet. With such a doctrine there would be an end to all free discussion."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *28th June*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[24]—Entirely to please you I have struck out the word 'evil,' leaving the passage 'the principal actor of that deed.' By this post I send the proof to Messrs. Saville and Edwards. If to-morrow is fine, I shall be all day in the country; therefore you will perhaps have the kindness to see that my corrections are properly made by the printers. They are only 'evil,' omitted at p. 1 line xiii.; 'are,' instead of 'were,' at p. 6 line xxix.; and 'neither hurt nor traduced any living being, instead of 'hurt no one and traduced no one,' at p. 7 line xxiii.

[24] Mr. Parker.

"This has been a long and troublesome business, but I am more vexed by the annoyance it has caused you, than by its effect on me."

The *Letter to a Gentleman respecting Pooley's Case* was published a few days later, and contains much of the matter of his private letters. "His defence," says Buckle, "fully justifies my attack; and, if he is willing to agree to the proposal, I wish for nothing better than that both attack and defence should be reprinted side by side, and circulated together as widely as possible, so that they may be read wherever the English people are to be found, or wherever the English tongue is known." It need hardly be said that the attack alone, of the two, has been reprinted.

Nevertheless, this pamphlet, despite its power, and scathing sarcasm, had no very great circulation, owing to the form in which it was printed; and he writes as follows:—

"BOULOGNE, *24th October*, 1859.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,— * * * I am particularly glad to hear that you have done something about the 'Letter.' The little publicity given to it is, I think, unfair towards me, and still more unfair

towards the cause which I advocate. Of course I can do nothing; and the great dislike which I have to circulate my own writings, prevents me from sending copies to people. If you chance to be in town, I wish you would ask Parker how matters are going on."

He told his friend, Mr. Henry Huth, that he intended at some future time to get his Essays reprinted, and meant then to ask Mr. Coleridge, through his publisher, whether he wished to have his answer to the accusation inserted in the reprint. "I have not done anything in my life on which I look back with greater satisfaction than this," he added with earnest emphasis. "Since I wrote that article I have had a great many requests from people who have suffered wrong to write about their cases; but if I were to go about like Don Quixote redressing evils, I should miss my effect where I think it most desirable that I should speak."

That this controversy should have occurred just after his mother's death was exceedingly lucky for Buckle. It gave him an interest: for, excepting as regards his intellectual powers, he was but the wreck of his former self.

"BRIGHTON, 19*th May*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY,—I did not answer your kind note immediately, because I thought that by waiting a few days I might be able to say something positively about my movements. But they are still uncertain, and I cannot decide upon them. Here I am, working hard—and it is my only pleasure: just as the capacity of work and thought is the only part of me that has not deteriorated. Strange! that the intellect alone should be spared. But so it is. The feeling of real happiness I never expect again to know: but I am perfectly calm. Only to tell you the honest truth at once, I dread to see you because of the associations of the past. While I am here everything reminds me of things that *were*—but then I see literally no one, except my aunt, who never expects me to talk, and I sit all the evening with her as contemplative as if I were alone. And I cannot break up these habits: I begin even to doubt if I shall travel. I do not yield to this without a struggle. One day I did dine with Mr. ——, but I suffered too much from the reaction to try society again. Sometimes my old plan of going to the United States comes before me—but I cannot tell. * * *

"I have spent many pleasant days with you all: but if we were now to meet it would only distress your warm heart. Leave me alone—or write if you will, about your studies and your books. Into those I can enter, but all else is gone. I am quite well, and able to take my full amount of exercise."

And his aunt writes concerning this visit, showing how his spirits improved:—

"BRIGHTON, 25*th June*, 1859.

"It is now two weeks to-day since Henry left me: he was certainly better for the change; and had many friends which made it pleasant for him, as he dined out several times, and often spent the evening at the C——'s, who live in Kemp Town.[25] He often had great fits of depression, and excessive weakness also. I very much fear for his brain: and I am sure he does so himself. One morning he was out of bed dressing half an hour before he knew where he was—he thought he was in Oxford Terrace. I heard from him last week: he said he intended leaving London in a short time, but did not tell me where he was going. * * * Henry

[25] He dined out six times in seven weeks, and spent the evening out once.

sometimes said he would go to Boulogne; but he had no settled plan. When he left me he talked of doing different things every day."

"But I cannot tell," is the burden of his letters. He could decide on nothing for certain. He was changing his mind every day. But he could still help his friends:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *26th June*, 1859.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I send the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of Wagenaar. You always take so much care of books that it seems ungracious to ask you to take especial care of these: but the fact is, that the *entire* work, which I possess, of more than sixty volumes, is very rare, even in Holland; and here unprocurable. Therefore I would only beg of you not to travel about with them, as luggage is sometimes lost, and it would be impossible to complete the set if anything were to happen to one of the volumes.

"I am quite well. I shall leave town either on Monday or Tuesday, and probably go direct to Cromer—but I don't know."

The following note, written to Mr. Theodore Parker, also gives some account of his state :—

"BLACKHEATH, *5th July*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been in town for a few days on business, and found your card on my table at Oxford Terrace. I can not tell you how much I regret that we should not have met. The great respect which I feel for you, as the most advanced leader of opinion in one of the two first nations of the world, would of itself suffice to make me eager for the pleasure of your personal acquaintance.

"And when I add to this the memory of your obliging and friendly letters to me, you will easily believe me when I say how much I have been disappointed at being unable to call upon you, and make arrangements to see you.

"But the severest of all calamities has befallen me, and has so prostrated my nervous system that I am now enjoined the strictest quiet.

"Your conversation would arouse in me so many associations, and excite me to so many inquiries respecting your noble country, that I feel myself, alas! unequal to meeting you ; and, as you might

possibly hear from some of my friends in London, I have been compelled to give up all society. In such cases the more I am interested the more I am hurt. I do not know how long you are likely to stay in England; but it would give me great pleasure to hear from you, and to be assured that you understand the cause of my apparent inattention. I shall probably remain here until the end of August."[26]

At the time he wrote this letter he was staying in lodgings at Blackheath, whither he had gone after leaving Brighton, and seen his *Letter to a Gentleman* through the press. His History, the second volume of which he had been working at, at Brighton, was so far advanced that he began to copy part of it; though he enters in his diary that he expects fifteen months more will be passed before it is finished and ready for the press.

During his stay at Blackheath Mr. Capel visited him, and wrote as follows to a friend:—

"I went to Elsham Road," he writes July 25th, "on Saturday week, and began a letter to you there to let you know what our friend is after; but he broke me off in the middle, and I did not take it up again.

[26] Weiss, vol. i. pp. 469, 470.

"He is going on composing uninterruptedly every morning, and has two chapters on Scotland ready for the press. He is getting on fast with the fourth, which will, I hope, soon be complete. He will then be ready to address himself to the last—on the deductive method of the Scotch Schools, and its influence and general operation. This, as he says, will prove the toughest part of the volume.

"There are two or three curious incidents about his domicile which you will like to hear. He is very much satisfied with his quarters, as you will have seen from his note. He advertised stating his wants, and of course got numerous replies. He was disposed to go to Bexley Heath, lower down in Kent, but was determined by the shady avenues of the fine Spanish chestnuts in Greenwich Park. Other things have conspired to justify his choice, for his landlady, who has been a widow four or five years, turned out a somewhat remarkable person. She reads Italian, quotes Tasso and Dante, &c., is well up in French, and knows its literature, and when necessary can produce Virgil and Cicero. There's for you! She did not know anything particularly of her inmate till I went down, and found her rather astonished, and holding

her breath at him. She told me she had known me well in the Church in London, and she was evidently glad to have her excited curiosity as to her guest set at rest. So I let the light fully in upon her, and called up her anxiety to make atonement for having ventured to disagree with him in something he had said to her as to the mental influence of women—the old topic you see. On going the next day (for they could not take me in there) I told her I had three copies of the *History of Civilization*, and would lend her one; but she had lost no time, and had been to the bookseller and ordered a copy.

"Such then is his hostess mentally, and in manners she is very much of the gentlewoman. So you will not wonder that in the evening, after dinner, he sometimes drops the *solitaire*, and invites her to converse, as he takes his ease on the lawn in the shade behind the house. Nor is this, when so disposed, his only resource, for she has two or three children living with her, whose parents are in India; and he has made great friends with these—especially with one, a little girl about five, a quick, intelligent thing; and, as you may suppose, she has not been slow to show how sure she is of his predilections; for she climbs up on him, gets on his

back, and pats him on the face, and glories in her liberties, which pleases him the more. So, at present, time goes on. * * *

"I saw my *médecin* down here, and he ordered me to the sea forthwith, or I do not think Mr. Buckle would have consented to my leaving. As it was, he told me if he were not so busy, and going on so satisfactorily with his work, he would go to Cromer with me for as long as I could stop."

Buckle was, indeed, remarkably fond of children, and possessed the power of making them fond of him. Once, when stopping with Mr. Capel, he saw a little girl during one of his walks who took his fancy, "she looked so gentle." He talked to the little thing, and played with her, and the next day, and several days following, he always found her at the same spot. At last he told her he should not see her again, because he was going away. The child looked very blank at this, but, suddenly brightening up, asked him to take her with him, she would "like to be his little girl." Once, too, calling on some friends, they noticed how remarkably heated he looked. He had been playing cricket with some nephews. "I cannot refuse anything to children," he said, in excuse for tiring

himself so in his weak state, and on so hot a day.

His little niece was one of his favourite toys. "Let the mother do for the boy, I will take care of the little girl," he said.

From Greenwich he went to Margate, and, though his work steadily went on, his weakness gained upon him. August 17th he "accidentally fell down stairs and fainted away." Yet he did not himself seem to see that he was out-taxing his strength.

"MARGATE, *7th September*, 1859.

"I expect to be in town for a very few days late in this month, on my way to Boulogne. I am working very hard at vol. ii., and am quite well. I have absolutely nothing to write about, though I began my paper high up, thinking to send you a long letter. * * * What you say about the little B——'s does not seem so alarming as you think, unless Dr. Mayo has said more than you have told me. He is naturally nervous, and this always makes men lean to the unfavourable side; besides, his extreme conscientiousness would make him unwilling to run the risk of seeming to give a flattering judgment. Children change so rapidly,

and are so capable of rallying, that what is true of them now may not be true in a month's time. I hope their father and mother will not be needlessly anxious. As soon as I know where Mrs. B—— is, I will write. Everything is so uncertain (or, to speak more properly, we are so *densely* ignorant) that unless there is actual organic disease, I do not think we ought ever to be apprehensive about those we love. Otherwise we may pass our lives in constant fear."

"MARGATE, 1, PARK PLACE, *13th August*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[27]— * * * Having been working very hard at vol. ii., I have flagged a little, and been advised to try sea-bathing here. I am very anxious, if possible, to go to press early next year. There are still some Spanish books which Williams and Norgate promised to get for me, though I hardly know now what they are. I hope that you have remained pretty well. To stay in London *and* to work must be very trying in such weather as we have had.

"I see advertised in the *Times* an article in the *Law Review*[28] on Pooley's case; but as I know that

[27] Mr. Parker.

[28] "Sir John Taylor Coleridge and Mr. Buckle." In the *Law Magazine and Law Review* for August, 1859, pp. 263—284.

my facts cannot be disputed, I have not thought it worth while to buy the *Review*, and shall wait till I can read it in town for nothing—which is about the value of most criticisms."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *28th September*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[29]—Thanks for your note. All that I want at present is to have the other volume of Campomanes' *Educacion Popular*, of which you procured some time ago four vols. for me (I think from Nutt's). This work, as I now have it, is incomplete and wants the most important part, viz. the appendix of documents. Also, I should be glad to have the Spanish work on the Church. I forget the title, but you sent me last spring a copy, which I returned to you, and which belonged to Mr. Doyle, or at least was procured by him.

"I am in town for a few days before going to Brighton. I am, and have been, very busy with vol. ii.

"Yours very sincerely, &c.

"I have had a hint of a review preparing in the *Tablet*. Do you know aught of it? And have you heard of a review in the *Rambler?* Whenever you have occasion to write, please to give me an

[29] Mr. Parker.

idea of how Miss Shirreff's book is selling; but don't trouble yourself to write on purpose—I know you have a good deal to do."

"MARGATE, *7th September*, 1859.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—Nearly all the early editions of Bayle are castrated. You had better not buy one before 1730. Look if it has the *two* lives of David, one of which is mostly wanting—4 vols. folio, calf, 35*s*. to 2*l*. 2*s*. Chalmers at 6*l*. 5*s*. ought to be a *good* copy, in sound calf or half morocco; and even then it would not be particularly cheap. * * *

"I am working very hard at vol. ii., and am tolerably well.

"Parker sent me the *Fraser*. Dr. Mayo writes, as he could hardly fail to do, in a very liberal and friendly spirit. I quite agree with what he says; but it does not touch my theory."[30]

"The most *convenient* edition of Bayle is one published this century, in about 16 *volumes* 8*vo*.; but I am afraid it is a dear book."

Dr. Mayo's paper chiefly contested the proof of

[30] Some Remarks on Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization*. *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1859, p. 293, *et seq*.

the little effect of morals on the progress of mankind. Concerning this, Buckle had written soon after the publication of his first volume to Mrs. Bowyear:—

"*January*, 1858.

"You ask me how I reply to the charge of not taking into consideration the effects produced by the passions of men on the course of history, My answer is, that we have no reason to believe that human passions are *materially* better or worse than formerly—nor that they are smaller or greater. If, therefore, the amount and nature of the passions are unchanged, they cannot be the cause either of progress or of decay; because an unchangeable cause can only generate an unchangeable effect. On the other hand, it is true that the manifestation, and, as it were, the *shape* of the passions, is different in different periods; but such difference, not being innate, must be due to external causes. Those causes propel and direct the passions of men, and these last are (in so far as they are changeable) the products of civilization and not the producers of it. In my book I always examine the causes of events as high up as I can find them, because I consider the object of science is to reach the largest and most remote generalizations. But my

critics prefer considering the immediate and most proximate causes; and in *their* way of looking at the subject they naturally accuse me of neglecting the study of the emotions, moral principles, and the like. According to my view, the passions, &c., are both causes and effects, and I seek to rise to their cause; while, if I were a practical writer, I should confine myself to their effects. But I despair of writing anything satisfactory within the limits of a letter on this subject."

"BOULOGNE, *15th October*, 1859.

"It is impossible in a letter to answer fully your questions on the utilitarian theory of morals. But I do not think that you separate rigidly two very different matters, viz., what morals *do* rest upon, and what they *ought* to rest upon. All very honest people who have not any reach of mind regulate the greater part of their moral conduct without attending to consequences; but it does not follow that they ought to do so. The doctrine of consequences is only adopted by persons of a certain amount of thought and culture, or else by knaves, who very likely have no thought or culture at all, but who find the doctrine convenient. Thus it is

that the science of political economy perpetually leads even disinterested and generous men to conclusions which delight interested and selfish men. The evil of promiscuous charity, for instance, and the detriment caused by foundling hospitals and similar institutions, is quite a modern discovery, and is directly antagonistic to that spontaneous impulse of our nature which urges us to *give*, and always to relieve immediate distress. If there ever was a moral instinct, this is one; and we see it enforced with great pathos in the New Testament, which was written at a period when the evil of the instinct (as shown by a scientific investigation of the theory of consequences) was unknown. I have no doubt that when our knowledge is more advanced, an immense number of other impulses will be in the same way proved to be erroneous; but even when the proof is supplied, there are only two classes who will act upon it—those who are capable of understanding the argument, and those who, without comprehending it, are pleased with the doctrine it inculcates. What is vulgarly called the moral faculty is always spontaneous—or at least, always appears to be so. But science (*i.e.* truth) is invariably a *limitation* of spontaneousness. Every scientific discovery is contrary to common

sense, and the history of the reception of that discovery is the history of the struggle with the common sense and with the unaided instincts of our nature. Seeing this, it is surely absurd to set up these unaided instincts as supreme; to worship them as idols; to regret the doctrine of consequences, and to say, 'I will do this because I feel it to be right, and I will listen to nothing which tempts me from what I know to be my duty;' to say this is well enough for a child, or for an adult who has the intellect of a child; but on the part of a cultivated person it is nothing better than slavery of the understanding, and a servile fear of the spirit of analysis, to which we owe our most valuable acquisitions.

"I wish I could publish an essay on this! How I pine for more time and more strength! Since I have been here I have read what Mill says in his essays, and, like everything he writes, it is admirable —but I think that he has done better things. He does not make enough of the historical argument of *unspontaneous* science encroaching on spontaneous morals, and the improvement of moral conduct consequent on such encroachments. I saw this when I wrote my fourth chapter on the impossibility of moral motives causing social improvement.

But here I am getting into another field, and it is hopeless."

This last letter was written from Boulogne, where he went as usual to spend Christmas, taking three boxes of books with him, and intending, as he says, "to work steadily, as I have been doing for some time, in the hope of finishing vol. ii. before next spring. I am quite strong now, but miserably restless, and dissatisfied with everything except the creations of the intellect." But about a month later he writes: "I begin this letter not in the best frame of mind or body, as I am still suffering from the effects of fever, which has confined me to bed for three days. * * * Even before I was laid up I felt as if my energy was gone. I cannot tell you how I dread the idea of going to London, to that dull and dreary house which was once so full of light and love! On the other hand, my ambition seems to grow more insatiate than ever; and it is perhaps well that it should, as that is my sheet anchor."

When he did go back he never entered his drawing-room. Once only, during the whole time from his mother's death to when he left the house for his last journey, did he summon up courage to

do so, and that was to get a book from a dwarf book-case which stood there.

Before he left Boulogne, another cruel bereavement was destined to befall him, in the death of his favourite nephew, a boy of uncommon parts, and devoted to his uncle. He was his constant companion out walking. "When you talk to me, uncle, it seems like a dream," he once said; and Buckle had so high an opinion of him that he had left him his whole library in his will. The boy died at Christmas, after three weeks' illness. He that was to have succeeded, went before; and another blow fell on Buckle's already tottering health.

A few days after his return from Boulogne, Buckle writes as follows:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 17*th January*, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. WOODHEAD,—I have only been a week in England, and have had so much pressing business that I have not been able to answer your letter before. I was, however, really glad to receive it, and to hear that you are all pretty well. During the last four or five weeks I have been very unwell, but am now regaining strength, and am busy with

my next volume, which I much desire to publish this season, though I am so hindered by the extreme difficulty of procuring Spanish books that I feel no confidence about it. You say nothing about your husband's work. Since he has everything in his favour—leisure, health, and strength—and still no result. However, give my love to him. As they say in the East, 'It is written,' and I suppose things must be so.[31]

"I am told that Macaulay has left his papers in such confusion that nothing more will be published of his History. How much he is mourned! Now that he is dead people are beginning to understand the real greatness of the man whom when living every little critic was ready to revile.

"Tell your husband to read Darwin *On Species*, and to *master* it. He will find it full of thought, and of original matter."

He worked on as usual his six hours a day, and was as gay as ever in society:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 10*th February*, 1860.

"DEAR THACKERAY,—I send Beugnot's work on Paganism, in the hope that you, not being a

[31] Major Woodhead published his *Life of Queen Christina* in 1864.

Pagan, will neither pawn it nor sell it, but will return it to me like a Christian when you have read it.

"Joking apart, the book is well worth reading, and the best I know of on the subject.

"With much regard, &c.

"It must have been under the influence of De Priaulx's wine that I told you yesterday that Salverté was the author."

And he writes to Mrs. Mitchell that he is making strenuous efforts to go to press before the summer. But he reckoned without his constitution, which again was beginning to break :—

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
"(*Between 27th March and 4th April*), 1860.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,— * * * I have been suffering from weakness and depression of spirits, with all sorts of odd sensations, and strange bodies flitting before my eyes. Mr. Morgan says, what, in fact, is obvious, that the brain has been seriously overworked, and that nothing will restore it but complete rest and the most bracing air I can get.

"I shall probably stay here till Tuesday morning,

and then go for a day or two to Ramsgate, thence to Oxford Terrace, and then, if the weather is fine enough, I shall travel, but where, I do not yet know. * * *"

The way he set about taking "complete rest" is intimated by the following letters, addressed to his friend Henry Huth :—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *22nd August*, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have returned to London for a few days, and not finding Nuñez's Life of Charles III. (which you thought would have been sent to you before now), I write to ask if you have heard anything about it, as I wish to go to press *early* in November, and the book will be of no use to me unless I have it before the middle of October."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *25th August*, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel really obliged by the trouble you are taking for me. All that I know about Nuñez is, that Rio (in his *Historia del Reinado de Carlos III.*, Madrid, 1856) constantly refers to his book as an authority. At vol. i.

p. 201, *note*, Rio gives the title in full as 'Fernan Nuñez, Compendio historico de la vida del rey Carlos III.'

"If it should come to you not later than the 10th October it would be in time."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *12th December*, 1860.

"* * * I have Navarrete, Opusculos, which you lent to me, and which I shall return as soon as my chapter on Spain is through the press. Have you any Spanish books on the reign of Charles IV. or on Spanish politics from the reign of Ferdinand VII. to the present time? I hope to go to press in less than a fortnight."

Mr. Capel at length prevailed on him to come and stay a week with him at Carshalton. He soon made friends with the three boys who were undergoing tuition there, and who were, at first, disposed to look upon him with considerable awe. He romped with them, procured them holidays, and threatened Mr. Capel that he would make them rebel if he did not shorten their hours of work. "He is a very nice fellow," one of the boys wrote home, "and never talks philosophy to us."

And they followed him about like a pack of dogs.

"Mr. Buckle when he was here was a jolly chap," was the description of him in a letter home, and the boys wrote to tell him how they had enjoyed his visit. He answered from Brighton :—

"*18th September*, 1860.

"MY DEAR BOYS,—I received your letter this morning with great pleasure, as it showed that you had not forgotten me; and it is always agreeable not to be forgotten. The next time I stay at Carshalton all three of you will, I hope, be at Mr. Capel's, and we shall be as merry as ever. And I expect that before then you will have learned to go up the chimney in the way I told you of. I have not tried it myself, but I hear that it is very pleasant, and it must be funny to see a fellow covered with black, gradually rising out of the chimney at the top of the house. Mind you don't do too many lessons; it's very bad to work too hard, and particularly unwholesome for boys, especially when they are growing.

"The weather here is very wet and disagreeable, and so windy that I had my hat blown off yester-

day, and very nearly lost it in the sea. But I was too quick, and, after a sharp race, I succeeded in capturing it. Such things never happened to me at Carshalton. And now I must say good-bye, because I have my lessons to do, and as *I* am not growing I have no excuse for being idle, as you have."

From Brighton, he also wrote to Mrs. Grey, as follows:—

"BRIGHTON, *5th October*, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY,—Without stopping to make inquiries, I have no hesitation in answering your question at once, by saying that, unless a German master has a good connexion to start with, he has no reasonable chance of succeeding here. The great number of schools here have attracted so many masters that the competition is immense. I know two German masters here, one of them an able and very learned man, Dr. Ruge, the translator of my work, and I have in this way heard something of the prospects and usances of teachers. Until about the middle of October, there are comparatively few persons here whom I know; but I will bear your request in mind, and make inquiries

from some of the residents when they return to Brighton.

"Should I see cause to change my opinion, I will write again—otherwise you will suppose that I have heard nothing fresh.

"I wish you had told me how Miss Shirreff is, and if she enjoyed her trip abroad. Pray make my kindest remembrances to her and to Mr. Grey.

"We shall, I hope, often meet in London, as you are going back so soon; and I also shall be in town late in November, in order to go to press. I feel tolerably strong, and am able to do a good deal of work. The next volume is *actually finished*, save the mechanical part of copying the notes for the press. I am now meditating my third volume, and trying to see my way to the arrangement of the different topics which the civilization of America and of Germany naturally suggest.

"I have waited till the end of my letter to tell you how glad I was to hear from you; because I wished also to say that your reproach seems hardly fair. If it is a long time since you have heard from me, it is a long time since I have heard from you. The great and constant pressure of my own work makes me feel letter-writing extremely onerous; and I have accustomed myself to expect

that my friends will make allowance for this—most of them do make allowance."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 13*th December*, 1860.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I have this moment received your letter and am indeed grieved to hear such an account of G——. Poor little fellow! I had fancied, from what you told me, that he was really getting better; but such continued prostration is alarming. Most earnestly do I trust that his life may be spared I cannot tell you how much I feel for your sister and her husband. Give my kindest love to them, and pray, dear Miss Shirreff, let me have ONLY ONE LINE from you when you get to Halstead, saying how they all are, and what you think of G——'s appearance. That such things should be hanging over us, threatening at every turn of life, is too much. They only are wise who can harden their hearts.

"I am working very hard, and apparently without inconvenience; but every part except my head is very ill. If it would not be asking too much of Mrs. T——, I should like to have the whole of La Fuente, as well as Martignac *Sur la Révolution.* You know that I am very particular about books, and I will take the greatest care of them."

"BRIGHTON, *November*, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. BOWYEAR,— * * * I am still at Brighton, too weak and ill to travel. When I shall get to town I really cannot tell. * * * I see too surely how changed I am in every way, and how impossible it will be for me ever to complete schemes to which I once thought myself fully equal. My next volume is far from being ready for the press; and when it is ready it will be very inferior to what either you or I expected."

"BRIGHTON, *29th November*, 1860.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—I have been very unwell for some days, and now, to add to everything else, I have got the mumps. I shall consequently not be in London till the latter part of next week."

Before he left Brighton he had an interview with Mr. Holyoake, who had sent him a pamphlet a year ago, and now wanted him to bring out a cheap edition of his *History*, leaving out the notes. He also arranged with Mr. Parker to sell him the edition of 3000 copies of his second volume for 600*l.*; and immediately on his return to London,

on December 6th, "weak and depressed," set to working about eight hours a day, and began sending MS. to the printers on January 4th.

At Easter he made a short stay at St. Leonards, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Huth: but since an eye-witness is the best witness, we will leave Mrs. Huth to give an account of his visit in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was in 1857 that we became acquainted with Henry Thomas Buckle. Long before, we had heard him talked of by an enthusiastic friend, who told us that Buckle was then writing the *History of Civilization.* Our friend, Mr. Capel, would not borrow a book from us to read without first asking "my friend Buckle" whether it was worth reading, as *he* knew *all* books. If I praised a favourite author, I was told that my admiration was misplaced, as "my friend Buckle" saw imperfections in him. "But would not Mr. Huth like to call on my friend Buckle?" Mr. Huth decidedly objected, saying that if that gentleman's library contained 22,000 volumes, and he had read them all, as Mr. Capel assured us, it would be an impertinence for a man, who had not anything very extraordinary to recommend him, to intrude upon him. I was very glad of this answer, for I hated

that "friend Buckle," whose name was constantly in Mr. Capel's mouth, and bored me intensely; who was always put forward to contradict me; who was said to know everything, and who had seemingly done nothing. We were therefore considerably surprised when Mr. Capel came one day and said, "I have told my friend Buckle that you wish very much to make his acquaintance, and he will be glad to see you if you like to call upon him." My husband looked very black, but he had nothing for it but to go to 59, Oxford Terrace, where he was told Mr. Buckle was not at home, and he left his card. Later, when our dear friend made his last stay with us, I told him how we had been forced into our acquaintance with him; and he explained that he had only agreed to see us, as he thought it would be of advantage to Mr. Capel, who was going to have a son of ours at his school. At that time he had never expected our acquaintance to develope into a friendship.

One morning Mr. Capel came in, looking very much excited, and asked whether I was going to remain at home that afternoon, for, if so, he would call with Mr. Buckle. When he came, the conversation turned chiefly on education, especially on the bad methods in which languages are generally taught.

Mr. Capel, I think to give Mr. Buckle a good opinion of me, told him that I was studying mineralogy. Upon this Mr. Buckle immediately began to banter me about it, and advised me rather to read the Introductions to the works of Romé de Lisle and of Haüy, without going further,—"For," he said, "as you neither intend to give lectures or deal in minerals, it is a waste of time for you to learn to distinguish felspar from quartz; it is not for women to go deeply into the technicalities of science, but only *de les effleurer*." I told him, another time, that I had only been looking into the subject, as one of my boys had begun collecting minerals, and I wished if possible to foster any nascent taste for science; and he then quite approved of what I had done, and told me that a friend of his, who had two charming little boys, always asked his advice about their education, though the eldest was then only five years old. All the advice he gave her was to cultivate herself. The atmosphere of a cultured mother was more beneficial than anything else to children.

At Mr. Buckle's first visit he also spoke of the immoderate admiration most people have of the past; and that was why, the more remote the times, the bigger, better, and longer-lived the people were

supposed to have been—a subject then new to me, as his first volume had not yet been published.

Mr. Buckle had on a thick, fluffy overcoat, which I never saw again till we accompanied him to Southampton, where he was to embark for Egypt with our sons. He sat leaning back on a sofa, which pushed his coat collar up over his ears, and gave him the appearance of a short, fat man.

The next time I saw Mr. Buckle I asked his advice about historical reading. He remarked on that occasion, that most people read too much and think too little; and said that it was necessary to take copious notes while reading, and look them through very often. Of Prescott he observed, that that part of his works which treats of the Netherlands was inferior to the Spanish part, because he had never taken the trouble to learn Dutch, and therefore had been unable to study those documents and works which were as yet untranslated. He advised me to read Lingard, not only because he was a good writer, but also because I lived in an atmosphere of Protestant opinion, and therefore ought to be careful to get acquainted with the opposite views. On French history he recommended Lavallée, since, he said, in his four volumes were contained all the

most valuable facts related in the sixteen of Sismondi.

I saw from that very first visit that Mr. Buckle's intellect was something extraordinary. But he seemed to me a cold, unfeeling man, with no sympathy for individuals, and caring only for what was beneficial for mankind as a mass. When, soon after his first volume was published, I read his biographical sketch of Edmund Burke, I began to take a different view, but still thought that his tenderness could be roused only by individuals of extraordinary intellectual powers. By degrees I got more and more puzzled about him. I kept a note-book, from which I was prepared categorically to question him whenever I knew he was coming; and the kindness, patience, care, and sympathy with which he answered greatly astonished me. It was a rule with him, never to pay more than one visit a day among his friends—on acquaintances he only left cards—and his visits, when they happened to be to me, generally lasted about twenty minutes. But if, on any subject on which we happened to be talking, I was not yet quite clear, he went on combating my arguments point by point, and never moved from his chair until he had made it perfectly plain to me. But no sooner had I grasped it than

he took up his hat, said goodbye, and hurriedly left.

The conversations which I had in this way with him, made me see that there were two Buckles—one cold and unfeeling as Fate; who invariably took the highest and widest view; to whom the good of the individual was as nothing compared to the good of the mass. This man was heard in the *History of Civilization*, and at dinner-tables where many people were present. The other Buckle was tender, and capable of feeling every vibration of a little child's heart; self-sacrificing to a degree which he would have blamed in another; and habitually concentrating his great intellect on the consequences of individual actions to the actor. On these occasions he always took the proximate view, and recommended it in the practice of life; for, to foresee the remote consequences of our actions he considered impossible.

In reading the first volume of his work I was struck by the almost entire absence of any mention of the fine arts, and asked him whether he thought they had but little influence on civilization? "Yes," he did think so. They had civilized individuals indeed; but never nations. Their time has not come yet. And, going on to talk of the decline of

the fine arts in modern times, he pointed out that when they stood highest, men had only just begun to investigate the laws of nature, and all the highest intellects were absorbed in art. Now they are absorbed in the discovery of natural laws, and the arts will not again rise until these are practically all discovered. Then the greatest men will again have leisure to turn their attention to art. Leonardo da Vinci was the greatest intellect of his age. Had he been born now, he would not be an artist but a natural philosopher. One of the greatest poets of the present time was Faraday—surely a man need not write poems to prove himself a poet? Had he not shown his great powers of imagination in his discoveries? The last problems which would remain for us to solve would be those of mind and of matter. And did he think they would ever be solved? We had no right to put a limit to the human intellect. Of Cuvier, who considers "L'influence du corps sur l'âme," a "problème insoluble hors de la portée de l'esprit humain," he said: "If Cuvier said this, he did not see beyond his own horizon."

He had shown in his *History* how absurd it was to offer up prayers in church for rain; how then, I asked him, is it with prayer for recovery from ill-

ness? He owned his contempt for general "prayers of the congregation" for recovery, and also that he himself did not believe prayer would at all alter the course of disease; "but," he said, "if you have a dear friend who is ill, it is your duty to do everything in your power to promote recovery; and, if you believe that prayer is efficacious, it is right for you to pray."

I then went on to say that philosophers talk of the general increase of happiness, but what comfort have they for the individual? "The first answer I am going to give you to this," he replied, "is that it is the business of philosophers to discover and propagate truth, and not to give comfort. However, they tell us that there is no future punishment, and that is a great comfort. Society could not exist if it were not to punish crime; but we have no right to blame the criminal who has become what he is through a series of events over which he has had no real control. Knowing this, how can we believe that the Great Causer of all these events can at last punish His creature?" "How do we know that there is a future state?" I inquired. "Know it, we do not," he answered, "for it is transcendental; but our instincts lead us to believe." "And what do you think on the ques-

tion of personality in a future state?" I asked. "What do I think on that subject?" he said, seeming rather interested in the question. "I believe that what we have done here will not be lost to us, but also that the mind of the philosopher and that of the idiot will be equal after death. The difference we now see in them is owing to the material through which the intellect filters. If mind is immortal it cannot really be diseased. Philosophers do not like this idea."

"Why is it a sin to commit suicide?" "Because in ninety-nine cases in a hundred it is an act either of impatience or of cowardice. As long as a single being exists whom our death would pain, we have no right to kill ourselves. Did any one exist whose death would hurt nobody, and who was afflicted with a very painful and incurable disease, I really see no immorality in his quietly taking a dose of laudanum. The reasons I have given justifies society in branding suicide as a crime, just as a parent is justified in severely punishing a lie. For a lie too, is in most cases told from a bad motive, though it need not necessarily be wrong. If I were to say 'two and three make six,' what harm have I done?"

The maxim commonly attributed to the Jesuits,

Mr. Buckle said, had not originated with them, nor did they alone act upon it. "In so far as physical pain is concerned, surgeons, for example, constantly act upon it; for what is taking off a limb, but doing evil that good may come? We practise it too in the moral world every time we deprive a child of a pleasure as a punishment, or because it would be dangerous to it." He talked of the beneficial influence of pleasure, not only in his book, but also in his conversations. "It is a serious responsibility," he said to me once, when I asked his advice, "to curtail another's pleasure." And on being told that a very delicate old lady had gone to a very cold part of the country to pass her Christmas with her daughter, he remarked that the gratification of her will would probably benefit her health.

Even while he was working eight hours a day at his second volume, he could find time to give advice to a friend. He made an appointment to call on me to answer more fully some questions which I had asked him in Mrs. Grey's drawing-room, and kept the appointment with his usual punctuality. He stayed nearly an hour, and afterwards wrote to Mr. Manwaring to put my name among the subscribers for Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," which he had given me a great

desire to read. But he warned me never to take it in hand when I was tired—a piece of advice he had formerly given to me in regard to Shakespeare. "The imagination," he said, "is a delicate thing, and it must be carefully dealt with." On my remarking that in Germany there is an idea prevalent that Shakespeare is more valued there than in his own country, he replied, "the Germans have some right to say so, for they were the first to write on Shakespeare. Before Coleridge, no Englishman had written anything worth reading on Shakespeare. When I asked him whether I should read the German critics, he told me to read Tieck and Schlegel if I had time, but it is more important to know Shakespeare than to know what has been written on him. From ten years of age to eighty, no better book could be taken in hand.

The printers were going to stop work for about a week at Easter, and Mr. Buckle having heard that we were going to make a stay at St. Leonards, asked me a great many questions about the hotels there, and said that he would join us in the hotel to which we had decided on going, if the printers did not play him false. I wondered that he preferred St. Leonards to Brighton, which place he

had once told me, always set him up again in three days, however fatigued he was, and that the strongest east wind was never too much for him. "This is an exceptional case," he said. "I want a change, but I am very anxious to run as little risk as possible of catching cold, as this would retard the publication of my volume. St. Leonards being a milder climate, there is not the same risk." About a week afterwards Mr. Capel wrote, asking us to secure a room for Mr. Buckle in our hotel. We were not, however, at an hotel, as we had been tempted by an exceedingly well-situated house, and all our endeavours to get him a room for Easter week proved fruitless. To show how sorry we were at our ill-success, I mentioned that we had one spare room, which we would offer him with pleasure, only that it was on the third floor, and with a back view. It was therefore with some surprise, more mixed, perhaps, with fear than pleasure, that we received the following note by return of post:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *23rd March*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH,—I have just received your letter, and it is so extremely kind that I cannot hesitate to say yes to it. Unless the printers

play me false I could be with you by an early train on Thursday next (the day before Good Friday), or possibly even on Wednesday evening; but I think it would be safer to say Thursday. If this suits you, please to let me have a line to say so, and also tell me what time the trains leave, and which are the fast ones. Must I go from London Bridge? Or can I go from Pimlico station?

"I shall be obliged to return home on Tuesday or Wednesday after Good Friday, when the printers will again begin to work.

"You will, I know, be careful to have the bed thoroughly aired. This I should not mention, except that lodging-houses at this time of the year have often been long unoccupied, and I am subject to pains in the limbs, which are half rheumatic and half neuralgic.

"The bed-room being high up is no objection to me. On the contrary, I prefer it as being more airy. You must not put yourself at all out of the way for me, or make any difference."

We tried to make him as independent as possible, with a separate sitting-room, and the provision of ink and a blotting-book.

But during his whole stay he never once entered

the room. When going out for a walk or drive we never asked whether he would come with us. Sometimes he invited himself for a drive, but his walks he always took alone. Once, indeed, he met my husband on the beach, and they walked on together, talking on Political Economy. Mr. Buckle got interested in the questions he was asked, and went on walking and talking for an hour; but when he came home he was quite ill for the rest of the day. My husband did not then know how slight a frame bore that powerful intellect; he himself had forgotten it in the interest of talking. He retired to his bedroom to sleep if possible for a couple of hours. When the two hours were nearly over my husband went softly upstairs to see if he was moving; but before he reached his door he heard our landlady's children singing loudly and jumping violently, as it seemed just over Mr. Buckle's room. He stopped the noise, and then went to inquire if he had slept. Mr. Buckle said, "No, the noise had prevented it." Why did he not ring the bell? "Oh, no, poor little things! It was their time for singing and jumping, not their sleeping time."

The fulness of his mind was something wonderful. Every evening the talk turned on a different

subject. One evening, in a sentimental mood, he would talk of poetry. Richard II. he considered the most poetical of Shakespeare's compositions; and then, as he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, he gave us that speech, "No matter where, of comfort no man speak!" I doubt whether any one has heard it on the stage rendered in anything approaching the perfection that we had in that little lodging-house parlour. His eyes started forth, his looks were ghastly, but he neither gesticulated nor moved about, as some actors do. He did not even raise his voice above the ordinary pitch, but tuned it in a manner that made us feel almost as miserable for the time as the unhappy king. And then going on from one piece to another he quoted those lines of Corneille:—

"Et comme notre esprit, jusqu'au dernier soupir,
Toujours vers quelque objet pousse quelque désir,
Il se ramène en soi, n'ayant plus où se prendre;
Et monté sur le faîte, il aspire à descendre.
J'ai souhaité l'empire, et j'y suis parvenu;
Mais en le souhaitant je ne l'ai pas connu.
Dans sa possession j'ai trouvé pour tous charmes,
D'effroyable soucis, d'éternelles allarmes,
Mille ennemis secrets, la mort à tous propos,
Point de plaisir sans trouble, et jamais de repos."[1]

He then, went on to Milton:—

[1] *Cinna*, Act II., scene 1.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

As he finished my husband asked him some questions, but our poor friend had no voice to answer it; for several minutes he was almost in a fainting state, and, had he not been on the sofa, would have fallen. It was plain that he was too painfully reminded by these passages of his own bereaved state.

But the next evening he would be full of fun and anecdote. His reading of French Memoirs had furnished him with a number of amusing stories, and among others he told us many that Lord Lyndhurst had got from Talleyrand. They were mostly clever answers of the witty Frenchman.

Another time we asked him a few questions about the children, and it lead to special medical advice for every one of our little flock : the diet requisite for each different age and constitution, the amount of exercise, of sleep, &c., &c., was all considered. Later I got much of the advice confirmed by Dr. Mayo, and none at variance with it.

That Easter, on account of the recent death of the Duchess of Kent, everybody was in mourning with the exception of Mr. Buckle. "People do question me about it sometimes," he said, "but I always answer that I never do wear mourning for anybody but those who have been my personal friends." "What with going against the stream in this way," said one of us, "and the opinions expressed in your book, you will never be Lord Buckle." "No," he answered, "nor do I wish it." Yet he greatly admired the character of the Duchess of Kent, and the way in which she had educated the Princess Victoria; respecting which he told us how the princess, having spent all her pocket-money at a bazaar at Tunbridge Wells, saw something that she wanted very much to have, but could not buy. The stall-keeper at once requested her to take it, and pay when she pleased. "Did not you hear the princess say that she had

spent her allowance?" interposed her governess, who had to act according to the Duchess's instructions. The stall-keeper, quite taken aback, asked to be allowed to put the article aside until the beginning of next month. This was granted, and the princess came on the first day, paid for her parcel, and took it home. "That is educating," added Mr. Buckle, with a little severe look at me, when he had finished the story. "The consequence is," he went on, "that the Queen has not once had to come before Parliament to have her debts paid, as former sovereigns were wont to do." He did not consider that I was strict enough. For instance, my youngest child was rather shy with strangers, and I ought to get her out of it—send her with the nurse into the kitchen—have her in the drawing-room always, and so on. At the same time he preferred a want of severity to anything approaching cruelty to children. The tone in which he told us how Wesley's mother prided herself on having forced her children while yet very young to bear pain without any outward sign, showed that he by no means admired her. Then, going on to talk of education generally, he said that girls' schools were nearly all of them bad, for they were mostly kept by unmarried women, who

have no knowledge of the world, and who are afraid of everything above mediocrity. "When —— was sixteen I gave her, as a birthday present, Molière's works. Soon after I heard that her schoolmistress had immediately taken the book away. I then made inquiries as to what authors were granted access to that respectable establishment." And here Mr. Buckle mentioned a number of second and third-rate poets, among which I only remember the name of Gray, while the forbidden works included all the greatest of French and English authors. "What harm can these great works of genius do?" he continued. "Any girl who has been brought up in an atmosphere of refinement will shrink, if anything, from any coarse passage she may come across. The youngest schoolboys are allowed to read them as much as they like; and which grow up the most refined men, these schoolboys, or the uneducated poorer classes?

"How is it," I once asked Mr. Buckle, "that you, who are so fond of refinement, should be so severe on those who spend much thought or money on dress; more severe even than on those who waste the same amount on the decoration of their houses?" "Because the first has by far the worst

consequences," he answered. "Would not a greedy woman shock you more than a vain woman?" I asked. "If I had a daughter," he replied, "I would rather she had the former fault of the two." Anything like a show of diamonds he considered vulgar; as it seemed to be a sort of flaunting of riches, and I therefore confessed in fear and trembling to my weakness for lace. To my great relief he allowed that that ornament was blameless. "The beauty of lace is insidious; for ten persons who would notice diamonds, perhaps one would notice lace."

Talking of the so-called "Working Classes," Mr. Buckle thought that they would always exist, but would be better paid than they now are. At present fortunes are still unequally divided. It is not right that any man should have two thousand pounds a year and his housemaid only twenty. Such things, however, can never be altered but by the gradual rise of the standard of wages. It would avail nothing were a few well-meaning persons to give their servants higher wages." These remarks led to my telling him how much the extravagance of my coachman and his family vexed me, and that I was not at all sure but that it was my duty to interfere as far as I could. "Would

your coachman like your advice?" he asked. "No, he would not." "Then don't give it. I always give advice freely when I am asked, but not otherwise, excepting to those whom I love." I told him that my Viennese friends, finding me ignorant of many modern works of German literature, recommended me to read the *Augsburger Zeitung*. Should I follow this advice or not? The answer was, that I could not know too much, and that I should therefore do well to follow their advice, if I had plenty of time. Since, however, this was not the case, it was necessary that I should choose carefully what was most important for me to learn; and amongst these the facts related in the *Augsburger Zeitung* could hardly be classed.

We accompanied him to the station when he was leaving us, and saw him take a second-class ticket, which, he told us, he often did. "I always talk," he said, "and often find very intelligent people in those carriages; the first-class travellers are so dull; directly you broach a subject they are frightened." Later in the year, when he came to us from a tour in Wales, he told us that he had picked up a great deal of information in this way from commercial travellers, who generally have a

thorough knowledge of the country through which they are in the habit of travelling.

When we returned to town, and I sent him a few things which he had been unable to get into his portmanteau, the messenger came back with some proof-sheets and the following note :—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *3rd April*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH,—I think it a great shame that your husband should have so much the start of you as to be able to begin my next volume a whole chapter before you ;[2] and as I hate cheating I remedy the fraud by enclosing to you the proof-sheets of that chapter, merely begging that you will return them, if possible, within ten days, or at all events a fortnight at the very latest. I have not yet written the Table of Contents, and to do so I shall need the sheets.

"I say nothing about the pleasure which my visit to you has given me. You have already phrased it : 'Les femmes devinent tout.'

"Will you say to your husband, with my very kindest regards, that if he wants any further information about his proposed course of reading, he

[2] Mr. H. Huth looked through the proofs of Chap. I. on Spain.

must not scruple to write to me fully, either now or at any future time. However busy I may be, I am never too busy to attend to what interests those for whom I have a real regard."

On the 18th April he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Huth. "We were a party of ten," writes the latter, "among whom were Miss Thackeray, Mr. Capel, and Mr. Roupell. The last-named gentleman, who had never met Mr. Buckle before, was much struck, not by his brilliancy, which he had expected, but by the delightful humour which is not often found in conjunction with such severity of thought. Poor Mr. Capel, as the representative of the clergy among us, had to serve as butt to Mr. Buckle's clever sarcasms against them. Mr. Capel defended them valiantly, by enumerating all the good they had done in preserving manuscripts, softening manners, spreading civilization, &c., &c.; but at the end of the discussion Mr. Buckle said, quite seriously, that he considered the evil inflicted by the clergy on mankind outweighed any good they had done. After dinner Miss Thackeray made him talk on poetry, when, among other things, he said that Goethe's *Faust* would live as long as the German language was

understood ; indeed, he afterwards, while travelling in the East, remarked that, next to *Hamlet*, *Faust* was the greatest composition that had ever been written. And what do you think of Schiller's genius ? All his reply was, 'Schiller did not gird his loins.' *Oliver Twist* was the best of Dickens's works. *Adam Bede* will live. *Silas Marner* is a perfect jewel of a novel. One of the company asked what there was in Racine that his countrymen assigned to him so high a rank ? 'I have been told,' he answered, 'that the refinement of his style is so subtle that no one not bred up in the language can appreciate it.' 'No one, he thought, who was thoroughly at home in his own language could be intimately acquainted with any other. The gesticulation which the French so constantly make use of is due to the poverty of their language, and not to their wit.' I think he added 'that it was due to the same cause that they had never had but one real poet, Beranger.' English he placed above all other languages ; and it was plainly not mere sentiment which led him to this conclusion, but study and thought. Once, at our dinner-table, while describing its force, he said, 'We have little words in our language which tell like the stroke of a hammer.'

"Mr. Capel and he stayed to the last, though he complained of fatigue. We told him to fancy himself in the lodging-house at St. Leonard's, and lie down on the sofa. He then talked of Newton, how mental and physical strength were combined in his constitution; and complained of his own feebleness, saying, 'I am never a week without feeling that I have a body.' 'If I were a strong man, I would do something.' Only a few weeks later the second volume was in our hands, and we heard that its author was very ill, and in danger of brain fever."

On April 23rd he writes from Oxford Terrace: "My seclusion has been all owing to work, which has severely tasked my strength and engrossed all my time. But now it is well nigh over, and unless the printers play me false, my volume will be out by the middle of next week. When it comes out I hope that the Scotch clergy will love me. I have toiled hard to deserve their affection."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 30*th April*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,— * * * I saw Dr. Williams the other day, and his prescription is, I think, doing me good. But I seem to see all

events with a distempered and carping eye. I asked him about G——, of whose case he spoke on the whole favourably, looking on time as the great curer. Tell this to your sister, with my kind love, and genuine thanks for her letter. Glad as I always am to see her husband, the distance is too far, and he not strong enough to make me wish him to call, unless he should have occasion to be in the neighbourhood. I do not need a visit from him to be assured of his friendship."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *1st May*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL,— * * * You ask me to give you a list of the few really important writers the world has produced, and whose works, from the amount of new truth they contain, mark an epoch in the history of the human mind. Such a list will necessarily be extremely short; and I shall make it shorter by striking out of it the great physical and mathematical works—because the truths in them are so cumulative that the latest works are usually the best. With this reservation, I will now mention what I think the most important and original writers. Homer, Plato, Aristotle

(the Romans produced nothing original except their jurisprudence—their philosophy they stole from the Greeks, and spoiled it in the stealing), Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Grotius, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Brown *On Causes and Effects*, Hegel, Comte's *Philosophie Positive*, Mill's *Logic*, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Malthus *On Population*, Ricardo's *Political Economy*, And for the study of human nature, the three greatest modern works of fiction are *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and Goethe's *Faust*.

"Possibly I have omitted something; but there, I believe, are the whole of the masterpieces. Virgil and Milton I omit; because, greatly as I admire them (especially Milton), I cannot place them in the same rank as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. If this list needs further illustrations, pray do not hesitate to ask for it." [3]

[3] PLATO: "This consummate thinker."—*P.* 15, *vol. i. Hist. Civiliz.*

ARISTOTLE: "Probably the greatest of all ancient thinkers." *P.* 543, *note* 244, *vol. i.* "Between Aristotle and Bichat I can find no middle man.—*P.* 812, *note* 137, *vol. i.* Hunter, as a physiologist, "was equalled, or perhaps excelled, by Aristotle; but as a pathologist he stands alone."—*P.* 566, *vol. ii. Hist. Civiliz.* "Little inferior to Plato in depth, and much his superior in comprehensiveness."—*Essay on Mill.*

DANTE: "It is impossible to discuss so large a question in a note; but, to my apprehension, no poet, except Dante and Shakespeare, ever had an imagination more soaring and more audacious

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *2nd May*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL,— * * * Pray remember that I did not send you the list with a view to your studies. Each person needs a separate plan. My intention was to give you a uni-

than that possessed by Sir Isaac Newton."—*P.* 113, *note* 194, *vol. i. Hist. Civiliz.*

SHAKESPEARE: "The greatest of the sons of men."—*P.* 42, *vol. ii.* "The two mightiest intellects our country has produced are Shakespeare and Newton."—*P.* 504, *vol. ii. Hist. Civilis.* "A perfect intellect, * * * that instance, I need hardly say, is Shakespeare." "He thought as deeply as Plato or Kant. He observed as closely as Dickens or Thackeray."

BACON: Burke was, "Bacon alone excepted, the greatest thinker who has ever devoted himself to English politics."—*P.* 413, *vol. i.* "Bacon and Descartes, the two greatest writers on the philosophy of method in the seventeenth century."—*P.* 542, *note* 242, *vol. i. Hist. Civiliz.* "To genius of the highest order he added eloquence, wit, and industry." "While the speculations of Bacon were full of wisdom, his acts were full of folly."—*Essay on Mill.*

DESCARTES: "Of whom the least that can be said is, that he effected a revolution more decisive than has ever been brought about by any other single mind."—*P.* 529, *vol. i.*

HOBBES: "The subtlest dialectician of his time; a writer, too, of singular clearness, and, among British metaphysicians, inferior only to Berkeley. This profound thinker," &c. *P.* 356, *vol. i. Hist. Civiliz.*

BERKELEY: "The most subtle metaphysician who has ever written in English."—*P.* 659, *vol. i.* "One of the deepest and most unanswerable of all speculators."—*Vol. ii. p.* 478, *note* 113, *Hist. Civiliz.*

KANT: "That extraordinary thinker, who in some directions has perhaps penetrated deeper than any philosopher either before or since. * * * The depth of his mind considerably exceeded its comprehensiveness.—*Essay on Mill, note.*

versal, and, as it were, bird's eye view of the great epochs of thought, for speculative curiosity rather than for practical use."

On May 15th he received his second volume, and the next day went to Margate, whence he writes :—

COMTE : "A living writer, who has done more than any other to raise the standard of history."—*P.* 5, *vol i. note* 1. "This eminent philosopher."—*P.* 173, *vol.* 1. "The greatest [writer on the philosophy of method] in our own time."—*P.* 542, *note* 242, *vol.* 1.

MILL : *See* the Essay.

ADAM SMITH : "Published his *Wealth of Nations*, which, looking at its ultimate results, is probably the most important book that has ever been written."—*P.* 194, *vol. i.* "Indeed Hume, notwithstanding his vast powers, was inferior to Smith in comprehensiveness, as well as in industry."—*P.* 195, *note* 59, *vol. i.* "Well may be it be said of Adam Smith, and said, too, without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more towards the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account."—*Vol. i. pp.* 196, 197. "By far the greatest of all Scotch thinkers."—*P.* 432, *vol. ii.* "Displaying that dialectical skill which is natural to his countrymen, and of which he himself was one of the most consummate masters the world has ever seen."—*P.* 441, *vol. ii.*, and *pp.* 443, 540, *vol. ii. Hist. Civiliz.*

MALTHUS : "The great work of Malthus."—*Essay on Mill.*

RICARDO : "Since Ricardo, no original thinker has taken an active part in political affairs."—*Essay on Mill.* "And Mill's book is, on the whole, the best since Adam Smith, though for pure *political economy* hardly equal to Ricardo's. But Mill has larger social views than Ricardo, and is less difficult."—*Letter to Miss Shirreff, 5th July*, 1858.

"*17th May*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. GROTE,—I am so unwilling that you should think that during the few weeks for which you visit town I would intentionally abstain from coming to see you, that I write to tell you the cause. The moment I had got my second volume through the press, the excitement which had kept me up being withdrawn, I suddenly collapsed. The nervous prostration became so threatening, that I was ordered to try what this very bracing air would do for me. Already I am better, but still miserably nervous, and tormented by the thought of how little I can do, and how vast an interval there is between my schemes and my powers. This is the first day I have been well enough to write, and the trembling of my hand will, I fear, make this difficult to decipher.

In about a week, or ten days, I shall probably be again in town for a very short time, as I am ordered to move about from place to place as much as possible. Directly the weather is settled I shall go abroad."

Mr. Capel joined him at Ramsgate, and related afterwards several little things which showed in what a nervous state poor Buckle then was, and

how little things, which formerly would only have provoked a smile, now caused him real annoyance. "Now they are coming with their vulgarities," he irritably exclaimed after a miserably cooked dinner, when finger-glasses and doylies were put on the table. Once, too, when Mr. Capel just read a couple of pages out of a newly-published work of Mr. Mill's, and rather inconsiderately asked some questions on it, his friend nearly fainted in the attempt to answer him.

At Brighton, where Buckle went after a week's stay at Ramsgate, his sleep was so restless and agitated that one night he fell out of bed; and his voice was heard so loud, that the servants knocked at the door, thinking that he was calling. Brighton, however, set him up in some degree, for he again went into society when he returned to London, after a week's stay there. He called on Mrs. Huth, looking as usual, and talking as usual: but it was plain that he was incapable of work, or he would not have gone about calling on his friends in the middle of the day. Mrs. Huth writes: "I told him how anxious we had all been about him, and that the first we had heard of his illness was from Mrs. Bowyear, who told me that he had called on her, and was obliged to sit down

for twenty minutes before he was rested enough to speak. He laughed, and said: "What? I did not talk for twenty minutes? You must have thought that a very bad symptom!" When the carriage came, I asked him whether we could put him down anywhere? He named some out of the way street, saying that he had business there. Long after, I accidentally learned that the business was one of those errands of charity to which he devoted so much of his time, and that he had not the heart to interrupt them even after his health had broken down.

From Brighton he wrote as follows:—

"BRIGHTON, *27th May*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL,—I have been very ill, and even now, though much better, my hand shakes so much as to make it difficult to me to write.

"Complete and sudden nervous exhaustion forced me to leave town without seeing any of my friends. But I am told that with returning strength I may again go into society; and as I have determined to go to London on Thursday, and as your invitation is for only one day earlier,

I cannot deny myself the pleasure you hold out to me. Therefore I will dine with you at eight on Wednesday, 29th."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *6th June*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. GROTE,—Your letter is very kind, and I should be truly sorry not to see you before I again leave town, which I shall do in about ten days. I have returned home for a short time, because I felt so depressed that I thought a little society would do me good. But my head is so weak, that I do not venture to see any one whose conversation is likely to interest me on a day in which I am dining out. At present I am engaged till Monday next inclusive; but on and after Tuesday I have nothing on my hands, as very few people know that I am in town. I would therefore call upon you on Tuesday afternoon (the 11th), or I would lunch with you; or, as you kindly speak of a quiet dinner, I would dine with you on that day, or on some other when you may chance to be disengaged. If you are at home when this note arrives, please to let me have one line by the bearer; for at present I hold myself entirely at your disposal after Monday. But do not marvel

if you find me very dull; I feel like a worn-out old man.

"Thank you for thinking about me for your evening party; but I have a dinner engagement for Friday, and I must not risk a double excitement."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *16th June*, 1861.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—I hope to be with you on Wednesday next. I cannot fix the time, but I do not *think* I can get to you before lunch. Don't ask any one to meet me while I am with you.

"If my proposal suits you, let me have a line to that effect.

"I drink hardly anything but claret—pure and sound, but *not* expensive—Julien, or some vin ordinaire. It is advisable to know something of the place one gets it from, otherwise it may be unwholesome. I know that you will excuse my mentioning this; or rather, that you would wish me to mention it. Mr. Mayo also wishes me to drink occasionally *German* seltzer water.

"I shall hope to stay about a week with you. Try and *engage* a really new-laid egg for me for breakfast."

Of course the boys were delighted to renew their acquaintance with him when he again came down to Carshalton; but he seemed to them to be very weak. His gait was stooping, and his walk rather shambling, though he was able to walk long distances. As he sat quiet, his overworked nerves showed their state of weakness by his constant little groans, as if he were going to speak and stopped himself suddenly.

While he was staying there, Mrs. Huth came down to Carshalton with a daughter, for the day, to visit her sons. "I sat half the day," she writes, "with him in the little front garden. He seemed to be amused with the children, who were constantly coming up to him, talking to him, or shouting to him from a distance; and I noticed the acuteness of his ear. The voices of my children at that time were so alike that I could not distinguish them myself; but he, though too short-sighted to see their faces unless they were near him, seemed perfectly able to recognize them by their voices. He talked to me of my daughter's education. 'Four hours and a half at lessons is too much for her,' he said; 'you could not do it yourself, and you are stronger than she is.' Surely I could read four hours and a half in the day if I

had no other duties. 'No, you could not,' he replied; 'and that child ought not to work more than two in the morning and one in the afternoon, at present. That may make all the difference in her constitution, whether she be healthy or sickly during the rest of her life. And you must find out what she takes an interest in, and then occupy her with it. She might take up drawing, in addition to the three hours' work, since you say she is fond of it; and the dancing would also be an extra, since it involves no mental work. The tendency of education nowadays is to overwork children, and hence the great proportion of weak-brained adults. Does she learn Latin? My dear Mrs. Huth! what induced you to make her study one of the most difficult of languages? Miss Shirreff, as you say, has pointed out its value, and what she says is quite true, and advisable in the education of strong girls. But she will teach it herself, if she wishes to know it, by the time she is twenty; and for the present the best thing you can do is to make her forget what she has learned, as fast as possible. Let her read books on travels: they will teach her pleasantly, and without fatigue, much that is valuable. If she does not care to read these, let her read story-books. It is of the

greatest importance to foster a *habit* of reading; the rest will come of itself. You ought not to let her overdo herself physically either; and by no means let your daughters walk as you walked at their age. Much of your present weakness and neuralgia is probably due to that. You say that at that time you felt all the better and stronger for it? I daresay you did. But all the while you were living on your capital: your life was consumed too fast. Statistics show that butchers are very seldom on the sick-lists of their societies, while bakers are constantly ill. But, nevertheless, bakers are longer-lived than butchers. You were quite right not to let your daughter practise those Swedish exercises. Nothing of the kind ought to be done without the advice of a really good medical man. You may have the action of a feeble heart, for instance, quickly strengthened by certain repeated exercises; but the result may be heart disease, owing to that organ having been overworked.

"'Tutors,' he said, 'generally teach too much from books, and too little by word of mouth. I teach these boys more, sometimes, in a quarter of an hour than they would learn otherwise in a week.' But are our present race of tutors capable of teach-

ing in that way? He shook his head. Presently the postman came, and brought him a letter. He read it, put it in his pocket, and looking quietly up at us, said, 'I have heard of the death of three relatives to-day, and I do not care for any one of them. It is conventional,' he went on, 'to look sad when speaking of the death of a relative, though during his lifetime one may never have shown him the slightest attention. I think it better to be truthful. The letter I have just received told me of the death of a relative abroad, whom I had already taken a dislike to when we were children; for she had a bird that she made a great pet of, yet when it died she did not seem to care one bit. Later in life, she used to beat her children on the slightest of grounds.' The threat 'I'll lick you, if you don't,' from one of the bigger boys to a smaller, which we overheard, caused Mr. Buckle to tell me that he had heard it once before, and seen it followed up practically. 'Why did I allow it? Oh, a strong boy is not hurt by a little rough treatment; and supposing I had stopped that one act, what good should I have done?'

"Once more we paid Mr. Buckle a short visit at Carshalton. We had been at Leatherhead to look at a place which we meant to take for the

summer, and stopped at Mr. Capel's on our way back. Everybody was out. Mr. Capel had gone to town, the servant informed us, but she 'knew where Mr. Buckle and the young gentlemen were.' We waited; and after a short time saw them coming across the field, laughing, talking, and running, as if they were all boys together. They had been at a strawberry gathering, and one of the boys, enlarging on the generosity of their host, told us that they 'had been allowed to eat as many as they liked.' 'You ought to say, you ate as many as you could,' interrupted Mr. Buckle; and then turning to me, '—— filled himself with them till I saw a strawberry come out of each eye.' Another boy, looking all dimples, gave me his account of the treat. Mr. Buckle watched his face, and then asked me in German whether the mother of the boy had a pretty smile—men rarely had it. I warned him not to think that the little fellow did not know German; but he said he had forgotten all he knew since he had been at school. 'That's good education,' Mr. Buckle said ironically, 'to make a child learn something, and allow it to be forgotten.' I reminded him about my daughter's Latin, but he of course saw that I understood the difference between the two cases.

"The weather was beautiful, and I made a remark on the air, which was fresh, and fragrant with the scent of the neighbouring lavender fields. He, too, thought the air very bracing, but said that, all the same, he could not stay at Carshalton much longer. I guessed the cause, and remarked that Mr. Capel was not a suitable companion in his nervous state. 'No, poor Capel worries me; but I shall miss the boys. I wish some one would make me the guardian of two or three boys.' Then he discussed the possibility of adopting some; and said that he could not adopt children of the lower classes, because they were so badly brought up; but that he should be quite satisfied with ordinary gentlemen's sons of thirteen or fourteen years of age. I told him that his friend Mrs. —— had adopted the eldest child of some servants who had married from her house. I thought she would find it awkward in time, when the little girl had grown up as a lady, while her father and mother, brothers and sisters, had to seek their company in the servants' hall. He thought so too, and, indeed, held that an adopted child ought to be entirely cut off from all knowledge of its real parents and relations. We then talked of his future plans; he thought Sweden, a country which he had never yet seen,

would prove beneficial as an entire change, and take him away from himself; but doubted that the rudeness of the country and hardship of travelling might not more than counterbalance any advantage of this sort to a man in his weak and delicate state of health. As to France, he said the only part of it which is not too hot for a summer residence is the extreme north, and there one would be subjected to the same want of comfort as in Sweden. 'Besides,' he added, 'I cannot bear to see, what makes me miserable even to think about, a noble people under the heel of that great brigand:[4] a people with such a literature! No, my indignation increases year by year as this reign goes on.' He considered France, after England, the most civilized of all countries. 'But,' I urged, 'in Germany there is more knowledge. A greater proportion of the German population are able to read and write even than the English.' 'Reading and writing is not knowledge in itself,' he replied; 'it is only a means to knowledge.' 'But you say in your first volume that you consider the German philosophers the first in the civilized world, and that Germany has produced a greater number of thinkers than any other country.'[5]

[4] Louis Napoléon. [5] *Hist. Civiliz.*, vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

'Certainly,' he answered, 'but if you look at the context you will see that I point out that their literature is the growth of but a century, and has had hardly any influence on the people.' 'You say that French refinement is only on the surface, because you never saw in France a Frenchman behave with unselfish politeness? An individual experience goes for nothing in a matter of that kind. Look in the window of any grocer's shop, and mark the arrangement of the French preserved fruits. The people who fill those boxes belong to the lowest orders, and yet how much refinement they show! Look, too, at the dresses of their women, and you cannot but admit that French-women show far more simplicity and quiet taste in their attire than the women of other countries.' He gave me more cogent proofs, but I have forgotten most of his talk on the subject, and only remember the generalizations, which amused and surprised me from their being drawn from facts which most people would hardly have noticed.

"As he sat there quietly talking on all sorts of subjects, no one would have thought that anything ailed him. Whenever he changed his position, however, I could see little twitches of pain in his face. I asked him whether he could keep himself

from thinking. 'Not altogether,' he answered. 'Could I have known that I should have to pass so long a time without my books, I should never have believed I could have borne it so well.' He remarked once to me, that pain or grief is not so difficult to bear as it appears from a distance; and it certainly seemed true in his case, shut out as he was from all mental activity, and with the wound still smarting of his mother's death. His calm and cheerfulness was but rarely interrupted. Once Mr. Capel surprised him in a flood of tears. 'You don't know how I miss my mother,' he said. Yet he was always ready to joke. Talking of his health he remarked, 'Upon the whole, when I look back I find I have made no progress;' and then added, as if it were equally sad, 'and now I am so hungry.'"

From Carshalton he went on a tour in Wales, promising to write alternately to Mr. Capel and Mrs. Bowyear, who were to let his other friends know how he was.

"TENBY, 13*th July*, 1861.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—It is a week to-day since I left town; I hope that I am better, but I cannot say much in my own favour. Please to write to

me 'Post Office, Aberystwith, Cardiganshire;' and as I probably shall not stay there more than two days, do not delay writing. An article on my History is to be out to-day in the *Edinburgh Review*, but there is not much chance of my seeing it here. If you can get hold of it, tell me if it contains any points of importance.

"I shall have my letters forwarded every ten days or fortnight: so that a line to Oxford Terrace will at any time reach me, sooner or later.

"My love to the boys. Don't give them too many lessons."

"HULL, 31*st July*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL,—After wandering for two or three weeks in Wales, I have crossed the country to this place, desiring to see an entirely opposite form of life. On arriving here a few hours ago, I found your letter. I am in every respect better, and my old social cravings are returning. Again I begin to feel human. At all events, human or not, I am quite unable to resist the temptation you hold out to me. I shall hope to be with you somewhere about the middle of August; but you will perhaps let me leave the time open, as the rate at which I shall travel northwards

will depend on the weather and my health, and, I fear I must add, on the caprice natural to a solitary and unthwarted man. I will write to you some days beforehand, of course with the distinct understanding that, being myself so uncertain, I shall take the chance of your house being filled. On no account would I interfere with the arrangements in regard to friends whom you may invite; and if there is not room for me, I would travel on, and come to you later. Pray let this be clearly understood, as I have no right to leave my arrival so uncertain."

"FILEY, *6th August*, 1861.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—I am now really better. I am stronger and much less depressed. Your letter, dated 27th July, I received two days ago; the uncertainty of my movements prevented me from getting it before. I do not mind about the *form* in which the Spanish translation [6] appears, but please to let both the translator and Robson understand that there is to be *not the slightest alteration* in the text, and that the title is simply to be 'Introduction to the History of Spanish Civilization,' or 'of Civili-

[6] Translation of chap. i. of vol. ii.

zation in Spain.' Mr. Huth will be good enough (I suppose) to revise the proofs.

"I shall be glad if, when you go to town next Saturday, you would call at Parker's, and let me know how things are getting on. * * *

"I have not yet seen the *Edinburgh*—indeed I never open a book, except Shakespeare. But at Whitby I shall perhaps have an opportunity of seeing the reviews. Tell me in what article the notice is in the *Quarterly*.[7]

* * * * *

"If Robson should observe any alteration, he should let you know before printing it. I do not like to be responsible for anything which I have not written."

"WHITBY, 13*th August*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. WOODHEAD,—Your letter has just reached me here, where I have stopped on my way to Scotland. I have been travelling through Wales, and the fine mountain air did me much good. Since I saw you, I have suffered a good deal from nervous exhaustion. Now I am considerably better; but a very little exertion fatigues me, and writing makes my hand tremble. Still I would not delay sending you a line; and I know too that

7 "On Scottish Character." *Quarterly Review* for July, 1861.

you will be pleased to hear of the success of my second volume, of which nearly 2300 copies are already sold, besides the sale of an American reprint and a German translation. The chapter on Spain is now being translated into Spanish. I write with difficulty, but I hope you will be able to decipher this. Give my love to your husband. I am pleased to learn that his industry is returning to him."

"CAROLSIDE, 25*th August*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY,—I did not receive your letter till two days ago. During the last few weeks I have been constantly on the move, and my letters are only sent to me about every ten days. For the moment I am staying with the Mitchells—very pleasant people whom I think you know—at all events Miss Shirreff knows them.

"I am really better, but think it prudent to abstain from all work. I wish you could have given me a better account of yourself and of Mr. Grey. He, no doubt, feels the absence of summer. Here, at least, it is bitterly cold, and since I left London I have found rain almost everywhere. I was delighted with Wales—the southern and western part of which I never saw before. But as your theory is

that I know nothing about scenery, I will say no more on that head. Everywhere I go I soon feel restless, and, after the first novelty has passed, want to go elsewhere. This, I believe, is caused by the absence of that stimulus to which my brain has been so many years accustomed. I seem to cry out for work, and yet I am afraid of beginning it too soon.

* * * * *

"You do not say if Miss Shirreff is doing anything. My kindest regards to her. When quiet with you she will perhaps be able to do some work; and if my advice can be of any use to her, there is no need for me to say how gladly I would give it.

"I have no plans for the future; but if the weather improves, I shall probably go further north.

"I am very glad that you sent me the paper about the Essays and Reviews Defence Fund. I had not heard of it, and shall certainly subscribe to it, and bring it under the notice of others.

"This letter is very dull; but how can a man help being dull when he neither reads nor thinks? I feel a constant void and craving. But such is the penalty I have incurred, and I must pay it."

"*September*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. BOWYEAR,— * * * The second edition of my *first* volume is exhausted, and a third edition has been nearly three weeks in the press. The second volume is selling rapidly—thanks in a great measure to my enemies. If men are not struck down by hostility, they always thrive by it. The German translation has appeared, and a Spanish translation of the chapters on Spain is now passing through the press. A Russian translation was advertised as being in preparation, but it has been prohibited at St. Petersburg; and I have received two different proposals for a French translation—one from Paris and one from Brussels. So much for the egotism of an author."

"SUTTON, 15*th September*, 1861.

"MY DEAR AUNT,— * * * My health has improved greatly, indeed I may say, I am almost well, having lost all my nervous symptoms. I greatly enjoyed my trip in Wales and Scotland. My new volume is selling famously in England and America. The German translation of it has appeared, and a Spanish translation is being prepared. The Russian translation has been

prohibited, it not being thought right that so mischievous a book should pollute the pure minds of the Russians. You see that it is your misfortune to have a bad and dangerous man for your nephew. The second edition of my *first* volume is all sold, and a third edition is being printed.[8] I think I have now told you all the news. And so, earnestly hoping that you will soon recover your strength,

"I am, &c. &c."

[8] Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace twice found the Russian translation of Buckle's History in peasants' huts. "In the course of a few years," he says, "no less than four independent translations—so, at least, I am informed by a good authority—were published and sold. Every one read, or, at least, professed to have read, the wonderful book; and many believed that its author was the great genius of the present generation. During the first year of my residence in Russia, I rarely had a serious conversation without hearing Buckle's name mentioned; and my friends almost always assumed that he had succeeded in creating a genuine science of history on the inductive method. In vain I pointed out that Buckle had merely thrown out some hints in his introductory chapter [! !] as to how such a science ought to be constructed, and that he himself had made no serious attempt to use the method which he commended. My objections had little or no effect; the belief was too deep rooted to be so easily eradicated. In books, periodicals, newspapers, and professional lectures, the name of Buckle was constantly cited—often violently dragged in without the slightest reason—and the cheap translations of his work were sold in enormous quantities."—Pp. 167, 168, *Russia*, vol. i., London, 1877.

The following are the particulars of its sale in England :—

Vol. i. : By the end of 1857, 675 copies were sold. On July the 10th, 1858, the publisher informs Buckle that 500 copies of the New Edition had been sold, including 100 to Mudie.

"CAROLSIDE, *27th August*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH,—Owing to the uncertainty of my movements, I did not receive your letter till a few days ago, on my arrival here.

"I fully hope and expect to be able to pay you a visit at Sutton—perhaps about the middle of September. When I can fix a day I will write again; to ask if my time will suit you. Meanwhile I should be glad to know if you have heard from

By 16th September, 1858, 714 copies of the New Edition were sold.

By 8th November, 1858, 950 copies of Second Edition were sold.

By 15th December, 1858, 992 copies of Second Edition were sold.

23rd February, 1859, 1100 of the Second Edition sold.

22nd July, 1859, "a trifle more than twelve hundred."

1st November, 1859, 1340 were sold, of which 60 went at the October sales.

13th April, 1860, nearly 600 left of Second Edition.

7th November, 1860, "there remain unsold 300 copies and a little more" of Second Edition.

17th April, 1861 (before vol. ii. came out), there remained 150 copies of the Second Edition.

15th June, 1861, there were 74 copies remaining.

Vol. ii.: "My second vol. (edit. 3000 copies) was delivered to the trade on 18th of May. The trade subscribed for 900 copies, Mudie's 100. There were orders in the house for 230. Total taken, 1230.

"On 25th May, 'nearly 1600' were sold.

"On 11th June, 'over 1700.'

"On 15th June, 1900 sold."

For the Translations and Editions see the Bibliography of this work.

Mr. Capel, and where he is, and how he is. When he last wrote to me, he was about to go abroad with your boys.

"I am much better, but still, as a precautionary measure, abstain from all work. I hope that you are all well. Give my best regards to Mr. Huth."

On the 15th we met Mr. Buckle at the station, Mrs. Henry Huth writes, and saw him get out of a third class carriage with his little dog "Skye," who had been specially invited. Skye had never travelled by rail before; and when Mr. Buckle had to change at Croydon, and saw him taken out of the dog-box trembling all over, he preferred rather to get into a third class carriage with him than have him put back, and consequently caught a cold, which he did not get rid of for a week.

He told us that he felt much stronger, and intended to try to work for a couple of hours every day. In the evening he brought a heap of newspapers and other periodicals, and letters, into the drawing-room, which he had found awaiting him at Oxford Terrace, and had not had time to read before coming on to Sutton. They all had reference to his second volume; the periodicals containing reviews which the publisher or friends had

sent him, and the letters from people in almost every class of society, all saying something about his book.

One of the most curious among them was from a public-house keeper at Glasgow, who said that every word of Mr. Buckle's character of the Scotch was true, and that he himself would have written it just as Buckle had done, but that he had not learned to write books. He finished up with a long poem, which Mr. Buckle read out to us with mock solemnity, full of conceits on his name; he would buckle on his armour, and buckle to, and buckle with, nor care for the buckling of bigotry's face, but take up his buckler, &c. &c. Another letter was from a young American lady, who was pained to think that the author of the *History of Civilization in England* was so little valued in his own country. Would it comfort him to know that a heart was beating for him on the other side of the Atlantic—a heart full of admiration and warm and lively sympathy? Many of these communications were from mechanics; one, which was afterwards found among Mr. Buckle's papers, was from the Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, who also sent him a copy of his work; and another, also found among the posthumous papers, was as follows:—

"BOSTON, U.S., *9th August*, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—In your last volume I observe you despair of carrying out your primal idea. Did it never occur to you that you might do *three times the quantity of work thrice as easily*, by having the assistance of a skilled amanuensis? It is a source of EXTREME regret that I did not propose to poor Macaul*e*y what I now take the liberty of doing to you.

"I am by birth an Englishman, 38 years of age, a rapid penman, a stenographer, have since the age of 14 years, filled various arduous and responsible positions; for half my life, certainly, I have been used to write from dictation, and can enable my employers to do more business in one hour, and in better shape, than they would do for themselves in six: this may seem incredible, but it is absolutely the fact. I can refer to numerous friends in England and America to testify as to my character for probity and honour. My salary is $1500 (*i.e.* 300*l.*) but I feel I am frittering it away uselessly while such men as yourself and Mr. Macaul*e*y could render such increased service to the world, with assistance such as I can afford them.

"I am of strictly temperate habits, of an ener-

getic disposition, not ill-mannerdly nor unamiable I believe, am married, have a small family, am in comfortable circumstances, own my little cottage and bit of ground, but will cast my bread upon the waters if you say the word: that you want me; for the chief aspiration of my existence is to be useful to my age, and I know my position and my power; and I know, too, how liable I am to be charged with egotism when I declare to you THE FACT that I am confident you would find me to be as invaluable as your own right hand.

"I send herewith a few specimens of my recent composition, as indices whereby you may judge of my calibre. I also enclose a copy of a few of my testimonials, printed by myself, for—among other accomplishments—I am amateur printer; also a photographer, &c., &c. I send you a portrait of myself, done by myself, and remain

"With the greatest regret,

"Very respectfully,

"Your friend and servant,

"——

"Do you mean to answer all those letters?" I inquired. "No, not all," he said; "there are too many. But I always answer the misspelled ones."

We read as many of the reviews out loud as we could get through in one evening. Among them was one which said that the second volume was as full of platitudes as the first; while as for that *truism* which he dwelt so much on in his first volume, that the progress of civilization depends not on moral but intellectual progress, it was known and recognized by every one long before his book was thought of. Mr. Buckle laughed, and said, "I have been attacked on this point more than all the others put together; and now it is called a truism."[9]

The drawing-room was given up to him during the morning as a study; and for the first few days of his visit he attempted to read German for a couple of hours, in preparation for his third volume, for he was always re-studying the languages of those countries on which he wrote. He soon found, however, that his brain was still too weak. It was not a question of prudence in taxing it, but simply of possibility. In place of it, he frequently indulged in the "luxury" of thinking. The greater part of his two volumes, he told us, he had thought out while out walking; and here, he would go out and sit in some field thinking over such subjects

[9] See above, vol. i. p. 148, and note.

as whether Germany or America should be first treated in his next volume. Even Skye was not allowed to accompany him on "thinking mornings," but delivered over to the custody of one of the boys. Sometimes the dog escaped, and went for long excursions on its own account; but Mr. Buckle would never allow him to be beaten when he returned, as the boys advised: he gave him a gentle tap with one finger, talked to him reprovingly, and pointed in the direction in which he had run away. And Skye really looked as if he understood it. "If a dog cannot be trained without being beaten," he said, "it is better that he should not be trained at all." Once, when he saw one of my boys with a dog-whip he advised me not to let him have it. "No boy ought to be entrusted to handle a whip," he said. "They can never have sufficient judgment to tell when, and in what degree, they should use it. Boys are, besides, generally cruelly inclined, and this propensity ought to be more carefully checked than any other; for cruelty is, perhaps, the worst of vices; and cruelty to animals almost worse than cruelty to human beings, so utterly helpless are they. For this reason Rarey's system of breaking horses was so meritorious, because he substituted firmness and

kindness, for unthinking brutality." For ..... dog he had a great affection; indeed, he said that he could not conceive it possible for anybody to have much to do with any animal without getting fond of it.

Mr. Buckle's proof of the non-dynamical character of morals, though it seems clear enough to most readers, was, nevertheless, often misunderstood. Many people thought that because morals were incapable of producing civilization, Buckle considered them to be useless. The reason was, that so many fail to grasp the difference between general and individual effects—a subject which is discussed elsewhere in this volume. Hence it was that a gentleman once said to him, pointing to his little boy, "Were I to act in accordance with your teaching, I should take all possible pains to cultivate the intellect of that child, and leave his moral character to take care of itself." Yet it would be impossible to state more distinctly the exact opposite of Mr. Buckle's ideas on education. The first thing to look to was a child's health and moral character; the cultivation of the intellect was secondary; and a healthy child, whose tastes had been fostered but not forced, would obtain knowledge for himself when his mind was sufficiently

matured. The only time he had punished his little nephew was once when he had bullied his sister. On the other hand, his constant advice to Mr. Capel was: "Don't give the boys too many lessons." Were it necessary to neglect one of the two, he would rather have the intellectual side abandoned than the emotional and moral. And most particularly in the case of women, in whom he valued "womanly" qualities far more than cultivated intellect. It was on this account that he thought it so bad for a woman to remain unmarried; "for," said he, "unless occupied in active benevolence, their affections are starved in a celibate state."

We were talking one evening of that passage in his second volume: "They taught the father to smite the unbelieving, and to slay his own boy sooner than propagate error. As if this were not enough, they tried to extirpate another affection, even more sacred and more devoted still. They laid their rude and merciless hands on the holiest passion of which our nature is capable, the love of a mother for her son. Into that sanctuary they dared to intrude; into that they thrust their gaunt and ungentle forms."[10] "Mr. Capel," I said, "is

[10] Vol. ii. p. 407.

always preaching severity to me, and wanting me to act the Spartan." "Don't listen to him," remonstrated Mr. Buckle. "Never hide your affection from your children. No successes in after-life which severity can lead to, will ever compensate for the want of a mother's love."

I remember the sad expression of his face whilst talking on this subject, the sadness with which he spoke of the lot of those who have no one to love them, and no one whom they may love. "I keep my affections alive by reading Shakespeare," he said. Sometimes, indeed, his own bereaved state would produce fits of depression, and despair of the future; but he never saddened others by dwelling any length of time on the blessings which had been denied to him; and his buoyant and sanguine temperament made him habitually look at the bright side of everything. His studies, which had made him better acquainted than most people with the enormous amount of misery to which mankind has been, and is, subjected, had not extinguished his conviction that the total amount of mundane happiness exceeds that misery; one of the best proofs of which is, that were it not so, people would not cling as they do to life. He sympathized with Wilhelm v. Humboldt's saying, that in "that mar-

vellous piece of work, man, both grief and sensibility may coëxist with a temperament otherwise happy."[11] But the sentence preceding this: "True sorrow is ever present to a well-nurtured soul,"[12] he would have put: "Only those of a powerful imagination are capable of feeling true sorrow; for they alone can idealize the object of their affection. Whatever new ties they may afterwards form, however enjoyable life may again become to them, the image of the lost one will be ever present. The unimaginative may feel, perhaps, the absence of a familiar face; but their loss is nothing more than a broken habit." For him, then, it was plain that the loss of his mother was irreparable. From the time of her death he had never been able to talk of her. If his friends tried to lead him on to that topic, he always changed the conversation. Once only, when we happened to talk of fine womanly natures, their characteristics, and how they differed from others, he burst out with, "I wish you had known my mother! She was ——" But this was the only time we heard him allude to her. His aunt was very unhappy about it, thinking

[11] In dem wunderbaren menschlichen Gemüth konnen Schmerz und Empfindung eines in anderer Hinsicht glücklichen Darseins gleichzeitig neben einander fortleben.

[12] In gutgenarteten Seelen ist ein wahrer Schmerz immer ewig.

that could he be got to talk of his mother his grief might be softened. But old Dr. Mayo recommended that he should be allowed to follow his instinct. "Wait a little, and he will begin to speak of her of his own accord, and then she will be on his lips continually." And the event justified the prediction. A gentleman who met Mr. Buckle not long afterwards in Egypt, said that he spoke so much of her that it produced the impression that she was still alive; while the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who met him at Cairo, says that Mr. Buckle declared most impressively his belief in a future state, and that life would be insupportable if he thought he should be for ever separated from one person—probably his mother."[13]

When Mr. Buckle first joined us at Sutton, continues Mrs. Huth, he told us that bodily he was much stronger, and could do a little work; but it was evident that his head was still very weak. Soon after his arrival he endeavoured to explain to me the theory of latent heat. I failed to understand it, and after a time he stopped abruptly and said: "I have not my powers of explanation; perhaps I shall be better able to make it clear to you some other day." Undoubtedly it was my

[13] *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1863, p. 498.

fault for being so dull of comprehension ; but how often had I been as dull, and even duller, on former occasions ! Yet never before had he dropped a subject before he had given me a clear view of it. After a fortnight had passed he seemed to grow stronger, though he still complained of his nervousness and absence of mind. The fact that he had sent off a cheque and forgotten to cross it, seemed to annoy him very much. "I should not have done such a thing a year ago," he said. Yet he was now able to enter into elaborate explanations, giving, for instance, a full account of the Utilitarian philosophy *à propos* of Mill's first chapter on that subject, which was expected in the forthcoming *Fraser*. Mr. Buckle gave us its whole history, from the germ of the idea to its latest development. But it seemed to me so cold and mechanical a creed, so inadequate to meet human needs, so harsh to human weakness, that for several days afterwards I kept attacking him on that subject. "You will see it in time," he said gently. "It is very natural that you should find some difficulty at first in thinking yourself into it. You have grown up, and lived all your life, in an atmosphere of theological ideas, and you cannot change suddenly. But you will see it in time, for you have a very good, clear understanding."

I repeat this compliment, such as it is, not from any sense of vanity, but simply because it was the only one he ever paid me, and because the way in which he said it was characteristic of him. Most people consider themselves gifted with a clear understanding; yet, so afraid was he lest he might be thought to flatter, that he immediately added: "And I don't say this just to give you pleasure; I mean it really."

When the first chapter of the *Utilitarianism* appeared, Mr. Buckle was delighted with it: and pointing out a single passage said, "Now, if I had seen this, no matter where, I should have recognized the pen of Mill. He is the only man I have a very strong desire to know, and him I have never seen." "Then why did you not accept Mrs. ——'s invitation, when she promised to bring you together?" "Oh, I was not strong enough this summer," he answered; "the excitement would have been too much for me." And in the course of the conversation he observed: "If Mill and I differ in opinion on any subject, I always have a latent belief that he is right and that I am wrong." From Mill the conversation turned on other eminent men. Of Dr. Stanley he spoke very highly: "He thinks for himself;" and, contrasting him with other theologians, said that few went through the

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necessary study for their subject. Theologians should study the history of belief in all the ancient creeds. That a knowledge of Buddhism is necessary, for instance, to the right understanding of Christianity. "Buddhism," he continued, "is, besides, a most philosophical creed;" and he traced the analogy between the transcendental philosophy of Buddha and that of Fichte in its pantheistic tendencies. From pantheism to spirit-rapping was but a step; and one of us remarked that some of these spiritualists make a religion of it, and hold in the greatest reverence any communication they may receive. A little girl got a message from her departed grandmother, advising the family to go to the pantomime; and accordingly all gravely went off, in obedience to the message. "And very good advice, too," Mr. Buckle said, smiling. He added, that he had himself been at a *séance* last June, for the first time in his life. Some of the manifestations seemed to him totally inexplicable by any known natural laws; but he meant to inquire into the subject carefully as soon as he should be restored to his usual health. He considered it the duty of every one, to rescue phenomena from the domain of the miraculous, and to marshal them, whenever possible, under the heads

of natural law. Neither the so-called experiments of Reichenbach, nor the marvellous powers ascribed to clairvoyants, would he pronounce to be frauds. But in all these matters he thought that people were far too ready to play into the hands of deceivers, by being more eager to see and be astonished than to coolly balance facts and ascertain the truth. Mr. Mayo had pressed him to attend a clairvoyant's *séance;* and he agreed to do so, with the condition that, instead of the guinea entrance fee, the clairvoyant should have a fifty pound note if he could read its number while it was enclosed in a box. But this condition was not accepted. He had a short time before been at a *séance* in a private house, where the clairvoyant was a young lady, a friend of the hostess. He did not exactly disbelieve in her powers, as he had not investigated the subject. She told him, among other things, that his skull was remarkably thin: and he really thought it was, he added, laughing.

Whenever he travelled about he always got into conversation with the police and school-teachers of every place he stopped at. He used to inquire what particular crimes were prevalent in each district; and found that they were much the same all over the country: "People have so little

imagination," he complained with a grave face—as if this want of imagination in criminal acts were a matter of serious concern to him. In large towns, such as Birmingham, he used to walk through all the worst parts, to observe manners for himself; and remarked that he might, as in the well-known anecdote, put down under the head of manners—none. In answer to a question, he said it might have been dangerous for a weak man like himself, but he was tall and carried a good stick, and always walked in the middle of the road to give less opportunity to people to pick a quarrel. It was necessary to see everything he wrote on, especially concerning England, with his own eyes.

Of the teachers he inquired, among other things, what were the punishments inflicted in their schools. One schoolmistress told him that when she first came, finding that the girls were very unpunctual, she warned them that all who came late should have three strokes with the cane on the hand, and that after the first two weeks she very rarely had occasion to punish them. The master of a school in another place told him, that the vicar had forbidden corporal punishment, and obliged him instead to keep the boys in and give them tasks; with the consequence that they be-

came very much duller. "There is nothing like the cane," Mr. Buckle added; "a few strokes, that sting and will be felt several hours after, make a boy careful, and don't interfere with his health." "You must deal with boys either in a rational or in an irrational manner," he said to another friend. "If they will listen to the arguments of their superiors, you do not require punishment; but if they will not listen to reason, you must treat them as irrational beings, and flog them." Some of these village teachers were well informed men. One of them spoke to him of the authors of the *Essays and Reviews*, praising their boldness; and then went on to say, "But there is another, even bolder man, of whom, I daresay, you have heard, and whose book you have probably read, I mean Buckle." "What has he done?" Mr. Buckle asked. "Buckle, don't you know Buckle!" "I saw that I was falling in his esteem through my ignorance," Mr. Buckle added, laughing, "so I said, 'Oh yes, *Buckle* to be sure;' and took my leave."

It is impossible to describe how thorough a master he was of the art of pleasing; how he was as ready to amuse the children, as he was grown people; his joyous nature; his inexhaustible, but never tiring, talk; his wealth of anecdotes, and

especially the *way* in which they were told, which made them as amusing when he repeated himself (as he sometimes did), as when heard for the first time; or to describe his appreciation of every little attention; and the warm interest he took in what were matters of moment for others. How naturally he entered into all the hopes and fears of his hostess concerning her family, asking questions, giving advice, and all with the deepest interest! We remember how touched and soothed we felt when one of our children fell ill, and we, hearing its cries, rushed up to the nursery, leaving him alone in the drawing-room. We stopped there some time, and quite forgot our visitor; but when we came out he was standing, waiting patiently, outside the nursery-door, to learn from us what was amiss. I see the expression of his face now as he said to us in a suppliant tone, "Don't look so anxious; it will be better to-morrow." And the next day, gently reproaching me, he said, "You ought not to have let so young a child go to the Crystal Palace. It is all very well for the elder ones to have such amusements, but the little things should be kept as quiet as possible! And then he went on to say at what age, and with what temperament, sight-seeing and the like excitement was beneficial, and

when it was likely to be harmful; adding, "Now, if you had asked my advice, I could have told you all this yesterday, and the child would have been saved pain"—so accustomed was he by this time to have his advice sought on every subject. "If I were to take a profession," he once said, "I should like to be a physician; nothing would give me more pleasure than to assuage pain."

An old lady, who had known Mr. Buckle from his boyhood, burst into tears when these and other little stories were repeated to her. "It was not vulgar curiosity with him," she said; "it was not that he was meddlesome. I knew him so well. It was all part and parcel of his great sympathy. Oh it was more than human," she went on, "and imparted a more than earthly soothing effect. I shall never forget what he was to me when I found myself suddenly alone in the world, and what he was to me ever afterwards. Even though he had only a few days in town to prepare for his Eastern journey, he walked across the park to see me, and to bid me farewell. He asked about my health; he gave me advice. He did it as if it were both a pleasure and a duty to see that I did the right thing for myself before he left England. I am neither handsome nor clever, nor have I rank or

title, but he never forgot that his mother had been fond of me! And I have often been made a good deal of by other people, simply because they saw that the celebrated Buckle treated me with such respect."

Often was Mr. Buckle attacked by his friends because he did not marry; but the fact was, that up to his mother's death he never felt lonely; and perhaps his previous wounds, and his entire devotion to his book, made him even unwilling to marry. But after this he acknowledged his mistake—he was alone, terribly alone, in the world. "If at least my little nephew had lived," he said, "I should have had a friend in time: I would have made something of him. But," he continued in a lower tone, "what I love I lose; and now that I am near forty I am alone!"

"If I am not better there is nothing for it but travelling; as while I am stationary I must work," he wrote long ago;[14] and it was much the same case now. The prospect of an idle winter in town was insupportable, and it was necessary to travel somewhere. Perhaps it was owing to Major Woodhead's suggestion that he finally decided on going to Egypt. "My head is at times still weak,

[14] To Miss Shirreff, 22nd Dec., 1856.

and I feel that I need more rest and relaxation," he writes from Sutton,[15] and "I cannot tell you," he writes to Mrs. Bowyear, "the intense pleasure with which I look forward to seeing Egypt—that strange mutilated form of civilization. For years nothing has excited me so much.[16] I shall go up the Nile as far as Egypt, and probably return to England about the end of January."

It was all of a piece with his thoughtful and self-sacrificing kindness that he offered to take the two eldest sons of his host with him. What would he himself have given when a boy to have travelled in the land of the Thousand and One Nights! And holding travel to be a necessary and important part of education, and knowing the value of his own influence and teaching, he thought the immense benefit he was conferring would fully compensate him for the trouble, anxiety, and even labour, their companionship must entail. "Even in our times the importance of travelling is obvious," he writes in his *Common-Place Book*,[17] "and we rarely find an untravelled man who is not full of prejudice and bigotry."

[15] 24th September, 1861.

[16] 13th—19th October, 1861.

[17] Fragments on *Travelling*. Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works, vol. i. p. 524.

All his time, on returning to London, was occupied in preparation for his journey and that of his young companions:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *12th October*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH,—I have just had a long talk with the dear, kind old man, Dr. Mayo. *Extremely satisfactory* in every respect, particularly as to the good, both physical and intellectual, which he anticipates for the boys. But he suggests one or two things of importance. * * * *

"My conversation with Dr. Mayo has confirmed my confidence in being able to meet any event which can arise in the ordinary course of nature. And as impunity and absence of risk are always impossible, this is all we can expect. Give my love to the boys, and read this note to the little men. I am sure they will be very obedient, and, by their docility, will help my endeavours to secure their health and happiness."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *18th October*, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. GROTE,—Your friendly reproaches have reached me at a moment when I am in the

midst of preparations for my departure to the East, and have consequently but a short time to defend myself. Early to-morrow I leave for Southampton, and sail thence for Alexandria. I shall ascend the Nile to the first cataract, and thus gratify one of the most cherished wishes of my childhood. I am literally pining with excitement at the prospect of seeing the remains of that powerful but imperfectly developed nation, whose existence has always been to me as a dream.

"I am much better, and, indeed, quite well in every respect, save the most important. I cannot work, and therefore my life has not been very happy; but, on the other hand, it has sauntered on untroubled. I have been travelling in Wales and many parts of England, spending nearly three weeks at Carolside, in Berwickshire, with the Mitchells—pleasant and accomplished people, and extremely kind.

"I wish for the next few months to sever myself, if possible, from all old associations, and, as it were, begin life afresh. Consequently, I shall write no letters, and shall not have any forwarded to me. After Egypt, perhaps I may go to Greece, perhaps to Algiers, perhaps to Jerusalem: but wherever I may be, I shall retain a lively sense of the pleasant

hours I have passed with you. Sometimes I fear that I have permanently hurt myself, and form plans of leaving London altogether—but time will show."

CHAPTER VII.

ON Sunday, 20th October, 1861, Buckle embarked at Southampton on the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Ceylon*, for Alexandria, and saw the shores of England for the last time. He had now undertaken, for the first time in his life, the responsible care of two children, one fourteen and the other eleven years old, of whom, moreover, he knew little beyond what he had gleaned from their parents and the family physician. He knew his responsibility, and undertook their care as none without his depth of feeling and warmth of heart could have done. How he understood it is shown by the following letter, written soon after his return from Nubia :—

"I do not wonder at your anxiety in being so long without intelligence; but I have done all in my power, and have never, since we left England,

allowed a post to go by without writing. Your picture of your imagination of my hanging over the bed of a sick boy, and bringing you back a child the less, has gone to my very heart, and made me feel quite miserable, since I know what must have passed through your mind, and what you must have suffered, before you would write this. But why, dear Mrs. Huth, why will you allow your judgment to be led captive by such dark imaginings? I never begin any considerable enterprise without well weighing the objections against it. In taking your children where I have taken them, and where they are about to go, I have estimated all the difficulties—or, if you will, all the dangers, and I *know* that I am able to meet them. I say that I KNOW it. And I am too deeply conscious of my own responsibility to write such a word loosely or rashly. Here, as elsewhere, some rare combination of events, or some insidious physical action, creeping unobserved through the human frame, and stealthily coming on years before, may prostrate one of your boys, as it may prostrate you or your husband. This may happen in the healthiest climate, and in spite of the tenderest care. But it is my deliberate opinion, that until you see your boys again they will run

no risk greater than they would have run had they spent the same time under your roof. The excitement of the brain caused by travelling and the scenes through which they pass, is in itself a source of health; and though you of course love your children better than I do, and better indeed than any one does—for who knows so well as I that no love can equal the love of a mother?—still, even you could not watch them more carefully than I do; and, as you would be the first to acknowledge, you would watch them with less knowledge both of what should be guarded against and what should be done. The boys are, and have been all along, in perfect health. * * * As the boys were vaccinated three years ago, there is no occasion to repeat the operation. The protection is complete. There *are* instances of persons having the smallpox who have been so recently vaccinated, just as there are instances of persons having the smallpox twice. But there are also instances of people being killed on the railroad; and as there are no railroads in Palestine or Syria, we may fairly put one danger against the other, both being about equal. * * * Meanwhile, do not be uneasy; I pray you, do not be uneasy. I know well what I am doing, and I know how much depends on my doing it

properly. Besides, if you give way to anxiety you will make yourself ill; and if you get ill, my excellent friend Huth will hate me as the cause, and, maybe, will poison me in my food when I come home. So be of good cheer."

They had not got cabins together, as Buckle had taken his before it was decided that the boys should accompany him; but they were not separated even for one night, for, on the day they started, the two gentlemen who had berths in Mr. Buckle's cabin good-naturedly exchanged, and they were all together. To this Mr. Buckle alludes in one of his letters: "I had a little difficulty about getting them into my cabin, because I had to *talk over* two different gentlemen, the inmates of it. But, somehow or other, I generally end by getting my own way, and we are now all together."

Buckle at this time was aged thirty-nine, but looked fully forty-five and would have looked even older but for the rich brown colour of his hair. A tall and slender, but not thin figure, slightly bowed; a dignified carriage; a bald head, with the hair brushed over it, as in the frontispiece; the beginnings of a beard; a short, slightly aquiline nose; a high forehead; and singularly vivacious eyes made up a figure which struck one as refined, notwith-

standing his shabby, though by no means slovenly, dress. He wore for the journey an old swallow-tailed coat, of a cut that was somewhat out of date, but such as I have seen worn by old-fashioned men ten years after his death; a double-breasted brown waistcoat, and dark trousers. In cold weather he wore an old brown overcoat, which he had worn for many years, and hoped to wear many years more; for, as he says in one of his letters, "My maxim is economy, not parsimony; and though I never throw away money, I never spare it on emergencies." He thought that men should be careless of their dress, and had a great contempt for those who decked out their persons with jewels. But he liked to see women pay attention to dress, and once said, "it was a woman's duty to look well," as long as they did not pay too much; though he would rather see a woman careless than vain, and slovenly than devote all her thought to personal decoration.

His care and attention to the two boys was unremitting, and during the first two or three days, while they were still sea-sick, he used even to fetch them books, wrappers, and all they needed. The only books he had brought with him were, Sharpe's *History of Egypt*, Osborn's *Monumental*

History of Egypt,[1] Martineau's *Egypt, Past and Present*, Russell's *Egypt*, Bohn's *Herodotus*, Milman's *History of the Jews*, Murray, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Molière; and he allowed no others, because he wished to drive the boys by very weariness to read the books he had brought, knowing well, that since they were accustomed to read, and as there was little that could amuse them on board, they would require no other inducement to read on the history of the country they were about to visit. His plan was perfectly successful, and they not only read, but took a pride in reading. For himself, besides talk, his chief amusement was draughts with a gentleman on board, who happened to be a good player, but who could never understand how it was that Buckle always won.

Nothing of interest occurred during the voyage, with the exception of some wonderful theatricals brought out by the sailors, who acted a tremendously sensational piece called, "Red-hand, the Gypsy." They painted their scenery themselves, with foliage that might have been drawn by an ancient Egyptian; and the only drawback to the full enjoyment of the play was, that the orchestra

[1] Which he thought did not add to the reputation of its author.

shut out all view of the stage. The usual sights were seen; the rock of Gibraltar examined, and the view enjoyed from St. George's Gallery. Valetta was also visited, and the Church of St. John duly admired. The sea, which had been rather rough until Gibraltar was reached, was like glass from there to Alexandria.

At landing the usual scene occurred, familiar now to all the world. Little has changed since then. As soon as the Indian passengers had gone off, a boat was selected from the surrounding flotilla, and the party made for a wooden pier, so tightly packed with yelling Arabs that at first it seemed impossible to land. A plentiful use of the stick from the presiding sheik at length made it possible. How the luggage got up was a mystery; but it did, and a seething mass of blue and white cotton rags fought a battle over it. More use of the stick, and each piece of baggage took a pair of legs to itself, and went off in different directions. It assembled again, however, where a few officials were lounging outside a shed, and was all thrown down in a heap in the open street. A faint show was made of opening the biggest box, but five shillings made everything comfortable. The Arabs shouldered their burdens, stood in a row to be

counted, and then started for the Hôtel de l'Europe. On the way there was a constant bombardment of donkeys, who are shoved by their drivers pertinaciously in the way; and as the quarter just about the landing-place is inhabited chiefly by natives, the streets are so narrow that walking through the donkeys is difficult. Soon a grave-looking Oriental, in Turkish dress, accosted Mr. Buckle, and showed him papers; he was a dragoman, and was showing his testimonials from former travellers. Buckle promised to inquire about him, and the hotel was at last reached. Here Mr. Buckle, after his usual custom, engaged rooms on the top floor of the hotel. These were nice and cool, the thermometer showing only 76°; and he then sallied forth to the bank, for it was only 10 a.m., and made inquiries about the dragoman, Hassan Vyse! so-called because he had served the explorer of the pyramids; for the Arabs put the surname first, and then take a distinguishing title after it. The inquiries being satisfactory he was engaged, and the day was finished with dinner at the table-d'hôte, and a cup of coffee at a Turkish coffee-house.

Buckle spent the first day or two in making purchases of tobacco, Turkish slippers, a pipe, and other preparations; seeing Pompey's pillar, and

what part of the catacombs was visible—for the pasha had lately had them shut up, as it was reported that some treasure had been found there. But the greatest difficulty was finding a boat, or dahabeeyeh as they are called, concerning which, and other things, he wrote the following very interesting letter :—

"* * * The heat is intense, and I keep both the boys indoors the greater part of the day. I have tried in vain to get a good European servant, so I see after everything myself, and am extremely particular about their ablutions and change of linen, so absolutely necessary in such a climate as this. We received your very welcome letters yesterday, having ourselves written to you the day before. We also wrote from Gibraltar and Malta. I hope that we shall start for Cairo in two or three days; but the difficulties are great, owing to the railroad being washed away by the unusually high rise of the Nile. The demand for boats is consequently enormous, and the prices the owners ask are fabulous. I have seen several boats to day, and one man demanded 35*l.* from here to Cairo. a journey of three to four days at the outside. I have been forced to expose myself nearly all day to the sun—boat-hunting, and am rather exhausted; but I feel in better health and spirits than at any

time during the last three years.[2] Especially I am conscious of an immense increase of brain power, grasping great problems with a firmness which, at one time, I feared had gone from me for ever. I feel that there is yet much that I shall live to do. *Once* you asked me how I rated myself in comparison with Mill. I now certainly fancy that I can see things which Mill does not; but I believe that on the whole he is a greater man than I am, and will leave a greater name behind him. This is egotistical, but I am only so to those I care for; and my letters are intended to be sacredly private to you and your husband, though I am always willing that my dear old friend Capey[3] shall see them—but NO ONE ELSE.[4] Tell him, with my best love, that I have received his letter, and will write to him from Cairo.[5] Your sons are everything I could wish; they attach themselves much to me, and I to them. A Scotchman on board said, "Why, dear me, sir, how fond those

[2] I. e. Since the death of his mother.

[3] The Rev. George Capel, an old friend of both Mr. Buckle and the Huths, and the means of introduction between them.

[4] This is the first time this passage has seen the light; but now that both Mr. Buckle and Mr. Mill are dead, there is no longer any occasion to suppress it.

[5] This letter *was* written, but I have not seen it, and do not know whether it exists.

boys do seem of you!" And so I am sure they are. I hope and believe that this journey will be an epoch in their lives, morally and intellectually. They are very diligent in reading; but I never prescribe any hours or daily task, merely telling them that the only reward I require for watching over them is, that they should acquire knowledge. * * *

"Tobacco and pipes are very cheap; everything else enormously dear: ale, two shillings a bottle; soda water, one shilling; miserable carriages, six shillings an hour; and so forth. And yet, with all this the labour market is in such a state that an unskilled labourer earns with difficulty twopence a day. Wages low and profits high."

At length he found a suitable boat, iron-built, and with superior fittings—not so luxurious as many that are now on the Nile, but incomparably superior to those of Miss Martineau's time. It belonged to Abdallah Pasha, a European, had the reputation of being fast, and was called *El Ableh* or the *Wild One.* Its hire was 60*l.* a month, a largish sum then, but nothing to what is now given. Buckle ordered it to proceed to Boulak as soon as it could be got ready, for the railway had been repaired sooner than was expected, and it would have been

useless to dawdle away time on a canal. The exposure to the sun, however, brought on so sharp a choleraïc attack, that he had to keep his bed the greater part of the day, and only set out for Cairo on the next. But when he got to Cairo he was so little the worse for it that, despite his six hours' railway journey, he spent the evening in "exploring" that city, with some friends he had made on board the *Ceylon*.

The party put up at the Hôtel d'Orient, which at that time had the garden of the Esbeekeeyeh almost under its windows. Cairo has changed woefully for the worse since then. The best half of this garden has been built over; and what remains is laid out in French style, with grass that won't grow, and broken and dirty little gas lamps round its little ponds. Then it was open to every one; and though nothing in comparison with a good European garden, it was beautiful in dusty Cairo, with its luxuriant native vegetation. The dahabeeyeh was not expected to arrive for a week, and in the meanwhile Buckle's time was fully occupied in seeing Cairo. His ordinary practice was to rise at six, read Sharpe's *Egypt*, or *Murray*, or some other book on the country; walk fifteen minutes, and breakfast at nine. He then

went about sight-seeing, or paying visits; took a light lunch of bread and fruit about one o'clock; and dined at six; played a game of backgammon with one of the boys, but not immediately after dinner, and always for some stake, generally a halfpenny, because he considered that even a small stake prevented reckless play; read again from eight to ten; and then went to bed; or sometimes retired a little earlier, lit a cigar, and read as long as it lasted.

So well and joyous did he feel here, that he made up his mind to continue his journey to Palestine, and with this object bought Robinson's *Biblical Researches;* and an Arabic grammar and dictionary, for the purpose of studying Arabic. He soon found, however, that his brain was not yet strong enough to allow him to study so difficult a language, and had to put it aside.

From Cairo he writes as follows, 15th November, 1861:—

"We hope to leave here for Thebes to-morrow, provided the boat can be provisioned by then. It is a first-rate boat; and as we shall be in it three months, I am doing what I know you would do if you were here, sparing no expense in laying in every comfort that can ensure health.

I feel the responsibility of your dear children, perhaps more than I expected, but I am not anxious; for I am conscious of going to the full extent of my duty, and neglecting nothing; and when a man does this, he must leave the unknown and invisible future to take care of itself. * * * If the boys improve still further in health, and if I find that they are reaping real intellectual benefit, I propose taking them in February to Jerusalem, and thence making excursions in Palestine—explaining to them at the same time the essential points in Jewish history, and connecting it with the history of Egypt. The few books which I require can be got here; all except one, viz. *Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.* This you (all my letters are to you and your husband jointly) will please to get, and send to Briggs, at Cairo; also some letter stamps, and a letter of credit on Jerusalem, or some place as near Jerusalem as possible. I shall write to England by this mail for more money for myself, and therefore I shall only use your letter of credit to about the extent of your boys' expenses. Furthermore, I shall want a letter of credit on Constantinople, as I propose sailing for that city direct from Palestine, and then ascending the Danube to Vienna (now a very easy journey), and meeting you all there in May or June. To make

sure, it may be advisable to send, by separate mails, duplicate letters of credit on Jerusalem and Constantinople. I could draw all the money here, but there is the chance of robbery in the desert. There is NO FEAR OF VIOLENCE, for I shall have the best escort that money can procure. My maxim is economy, not parsimony; and though I never throw away money, I never spare it on emergencies. If in the spring there are any disturbances in Arabia or Syria, be you well assured that I shall not set forth there. I find that my reputation has preceded me here; and as I know, consequently, some influential persons, and amongst them a pasha and a bey, I shall have the best information as to what is going on in the countries through which we are to pass.

"I am better than I have been for years, and feel full of life and thought. How this country makes me speculate! I am up at six o'clock every morning, and yet there seems no day—so much is there to see and think of. I try to pour some of my overflowings into the little chaps; time will show if I succeed, but I think I shall do something towards making them more competent and finished men than they would otherwise be.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Huth, do you seriously expect that I am going to answer your questions

of casuistry about going to church, expressing free opinions, and fuller amusement—questions which it would take pages to answer. All I can say is, that the true Utilitarian Philosophy NEVER allows any one, for the sake of present and temporary benefits, either to break a promise or tell a falsehood. Such things degrade the mind, and are therefore evil in themselves. But if you made a promise to your child, and then found that keeping this promise would ruin the health of your child, what sort of mother would you be if you were to keep your promise? The other point is more difficult; but *I* would not hesitate to tell a falsehood to save the life of any one dear to me—though I know that many competent judges differ as to this; and in the present state of knowledge the problem is perhaps incapable of scientific treatment: it is therefore, in such cases, for each to act according to his own lights."

The boat did not arrive till Tuesday, 20th November, when Ayrton Bey, a friend of Buckle's, who had also once occupied the boat, called to tell him that it was at Shoubra. Thither Buckle and the boys walked, and had their first sail up to Boulak. The next day they took up their abode on board; but delay in provisioning and then con-

trary winds prevented a start before Sunday 25th; and altogether the journey up to Thebes was not a very rapid one.

But for all that the days passed quickly enough. The hours kept were much the same as at Cairo. Buckle took care to have his daily walk before breakfast, and generally managed to get another walk of about an hour in the course of the day. Sometimes he read in the forenoon, sometimes he was engaged in ticketing and cataloguing antiquities, which he now began to collect, and in which he took a great interest. The afternoon was spent in games of backgammon, in smoking, and reading, or in teaching the boys écarté and draughts; but he always expected them to read the greater part of the morning; and he taught them to make maps of Egypt and Palestine. During the walks he questioned them on what they had read, told them stories, and taught them elementary physiology, explaining the human anatomy, and even making them remember its barbarous nomenclature, knowing well that a knowledge of anatomy without this would be like a knowledge of geography without the names—but always taking especial care that these should not be merely names to them, but represent real ideas. If there was any rule as

regards their health which he particularly wished to impress upon them, he told them anecdotes of cases in which they had been disregarded, with all the dreadful consequences; and such anecdotes were indelibly fixed in their memory. He would also make them write out lists of dates, such as the Conquest of Egypt by Cambyses, by Alexander, and Amrou; the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; the foundation of Samaria; the Conquest, by Titus, &c., &c., and carry these lists about with them, so as easily to fix them in their memory; while to see that they did so, he would question them while on their walks. As before, however, he never forced the boys to read; he only made them understand that he was pleased if they did, and hurt if they did not; and as a further, and perhaps necessary precaution, where the choice lies between Robinson's dry researches and Shakespeare, he removed the latter.

Buckle's own account of his system of education is given in the following letter:—

"*14th December*, 1861.

"The journey up the Nile, though slow, has not been dull, as we have plenty of occupation; and

the boys, I am truly pleased to say, are most anxious to instruct themselves, and without any pressure on my part they read quite as much as I wish. Lest the long confinement should be injurious, I stop the boat twice every day, and we walk with an escort on shore. Then, and in the evening, I talk to them about what they have seen and read, and having encouraged them to state their opinions, I give them mine, and explain how it is that we differ. They have accumulated a great number of historical and geographical facts. But that is not my chief object; what I aim at is, to train them to consider everything from the largest and highest point of view that their years and abilities will allow. To this I make everything subordinate, save and except their health. At first they were evidently bewildered by the multiplicity of new details which crowded on their minds; but gradually those details took a regular and orderly form, spontaneously arranging themselves under general heads. To hasten this movement, without overworking their brains, is the most difficult part of my undertaking. But I will venture to say, that if you could now see them you would be convinced that their health must have been well attended to; while if you could talk to them, you

would be equally well satisfied respecting the other part of the question. Perhaps this sounds too much like praising myself; but your children are so far from you, that I had rather be deemed vainglorious than conceal facts concerning them which it will please you to hear. * * *

"Besides the general history and geography of the East, I am teaching the boys by conversation (for I have no books on the subject) the elements of physiology, and explaining to them the general laws which connect animals with plants. Two or three days ago I first began to proceed further, and opened up the relations which the animal and vegetable kingdoms bear to the mineral world. —— was never weary of listening, and asking questions. * * * His eyes quite sparkled, and beamed with light, as he traversed (though of course very indistinctly) the field of thought.

"You have, I suppose, received a letter which I wrote from Cairo. * * * If so, I must trouble you to send to the same address another parcel, containing Josephus's *History of the Jewish War;* his *Own Life,* and his *Antiquities of the Jews.* As these are for the boys, they must all be in English. The translation of the *Jewish War* by Traill is better than the old one by Whiston. I also want Jahn's

Hebrew Commonwealth, and a volume on the history, &c., of Palestine, published in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library; likewise a very small volume on Human Physiology, forming part of Chambers's Educational Course. I am not quite certain as to the title, but you can hardly mistake it, as the subject is the Physiology of Man, and it is a thin one-and-sixpenny, or two-shilling book, with cuts. Then, some more thin writing paper, and a small but good revolver, with a leather belt in which it can be worn—such belts are made expressly. The revolver should be as light as is consistent with its being an effective weapon. But you know that I am not expert with fire-arms; it must not, therefore, have any needless complications. * * *

"The boys' Bible has no Apocrypha; and I want to explain to them the character of that most remarkable Maccabæan revolution which broke out two centuries before Christ. If, therefore, you can buy the Apocrypha separate, and in a portable form, do so; but it is not worth while to send out another whole Bible, as my memory will enable me to explain the main points without it.

"We live in great comfort, and indeed luxury; an iron boat, with good bedrooms, and a saloon that could dine eight persons; and we sail quicker

than any boat on the Nile. I have engaged the cook the Rothschilds had when they were in Egypt. He is really a first-rate cook, and makes, I think, the best bread I ever tasted. I let the boys live generously; but I carefully watch the effect of their food, and occasionally put them on a spare diet, to avoid medicine. * * * They get up before seven, and go to bed at 8·10. The latter part of the arrangement they don't always approve of; but they never resist me when they see I am in earnest; and I am peremptory on this point, believing that early sleep is of supreme importance to them, living as they do amidst such exciting scenes, and with their attention continually on the stretch. * * *"

Perhaps the following two letters from the two boys, written for the same post as the above, will show more clearly than anything the nature of this education:—

"We have been on the Nile about three weeks, and expect to be at Thebes in a few days. We have not seen any temples or tombs yet, except the tombs at Siout, which is the capital of Upper Egypt. The tombs there are not nearly as good as we shall see when we are coming back. But I have picked up a piece of mummy cloth; and I have bought a little idol of our

donkey-man, which I gave twenty paras for (which is equal to three farthings). Mr. B. says that it is sure to be real, because it does not pay to forge such cheap things. You cannot think how jolly it is. Mr. B. lets us do what we like; and the only lessons we do as yet is reading. * * * We have seen no crocodiles yet, but Hassan says that we shall see plenty by-and-by. I mean to buy a small one, and send it home to be stuffed, unless I get a letter to the contrary when we get back to Cairo. I have made a little map of Egypt, and I mean to mark the places that we have been to, and then send it to you when we get back to Cairo. This letter will be posted at Thebes, and we have told Briggs to forward your letter there. The Egyptian post goes as far as Assouan, which is at the first cataract. Mr. B. thinks of going to Nubia, as far as the second cataract; but it depends on the size of the other boat which we shall have to hire at the first cataract. In your next letter, tell me if you would like a mummied cat. I am not quite sure whether I shall be able to get it, but I think I can. Ask Mr. C. if he would like one too; as I am afraid there is no chance of getting any models—but I shall try and get a photograph of the Pyramids. The wind has just got up, and we are sailing fast;

if it keeps so we may get to Thebes to-morrow; but we are only going to post letters there, and then go on, for we do not mean to see any remains till we come back. We have got about the best boat on the Nile, and the best cook, and a very good dragoman, who was a long time with Colonel Vyse, who explored the Pyramids, and discovered some chambers in them. I have read Sharpe's *History of Egypt*, and Martineau and Russell's *Egypt*, and Herodotus, and now I am reading the *History of the Jews*. I shall not tell you anything about Mr. B.'s plans for Syria and Palestine and Mount Sinai, as he will most likely tell you more about it than I could; but won't it be jolly to go to all these places! We are all jolly, and Bucky is a brick.

"Please answer about the crocodile, and all that, or else I shall not know what to do. * * * Tell —— that Mr. B. says there is no fear of the Arabs stealing us, because it would not be worth their while: but he is afraid they will steal him, because he is such a nice little fellow."

The second letter is as follows:—

"* * * I have finished Sharpe's *History of Egypt*, and Milman's *History of the Jews;* and now I am going to begin the Bible, and read all about

the Jews in there. We have been talking to Mr. B. about physiology, and he says when we have finished reading about Egypt and Palestine, he will write for a book about it. We have got a very good boat; it is built of iron, and has beaten three boats already that started two days before us. I have made a map of Egypt and a map of Asia Minor. To-day I saw rafts of pottery coming from Kenneh. We have got a very good cook. He can make plum-pudding, and he can make Irish stew as well as Mr. Buckle's cook. Here, we always have marmalade and curry for breakfast. The time here is about six hours faster than in England, because we are so much farther east. It is about as hot here as it was last summer in England. Mr. Buckle has been explaining to us the relation of minerals and plants and animals to each other, and the way in which animals get minerals through plants; and that while animals are poisoning the air, plants are purifying it. * * * I have finished reading Herodotus, Martineau and Russell's *Egypt*. When we came to Alexandria, Mr. Buckle allowed us two shillings a week."

Thus was the time passed daily on the Nile, until six o'clock brought the proof of the cook's skill which we have seen praised so highly in his

letter. After dinner, he sat with the boys in semi-darkness for a quarter of an hour or so, playing and joking with them, till they generally ended in a violent romp, and now and then a smash of crockery or windows. A breakage, however, had to be paid for. Buckle himself boasted that he had never broken anything since he was quite a youth, with the exception of one tumbler, which had slipped through his fingers on a very cold day; and he gave the boys a special allowance to pay for their breakages, with the result that such accidents were not nearly as common as they otherwise would have been, for the boys had plenty of use for their money. They, too, took an interest in antiquities and curiosities, and began to form a collection, in which they were much assisted by Buckle, and allowed to think that the assistance was reciprocal.

A good wind brought the dahabeeyeh to Thebes on the 14th December, with "all well and in high spirits." They immediately landed, and, after seeing Luxor, visited Karnak, "that wonderful temple," as Buckle cannot resist calling it in his diary. The following day Luxor was again visited, and then he crossed the Nile, and saw the Memnones—the temples of the Memnonium, and Me-

deenet Haboo, and finally, after dinner, went to Karnak, "and saw that prodigious ruin by moonlight."

"One thing I will say," he afterwards wrote from Cairo, "that everything which travellers relate of Egypt fails to give an idea of the real wonders of this most interesting country. To tell you that I have seen a single ruin (the temple of Karnak at Thebes) which, when complete, measured a mile and a half in circumference, sounds very strange; but that is nothing when compared with the amazing grandeur of the colossal statues, and the pillars which support the edifice. And then, the minute finish of the sculpture which covered the walls of the Egyptian temple, is as noticeable as their grandeur."

And again he writes to another friend:—

"To give you even the faintest idea of what I have seen in this wonderful country, is impossible. No art of writing can depict it. If I were to say that the temple of Karnak at Thebes can even now be ascertained to have measured a mile and half in circumference, I should perhaps only tell you what you have read in books; but I should despair if I were obliged to tell you what I felt when I was in the midst of it, and contemplated it as a living whole, while every part was covered

with sculptures of exquisite finish, except where hieroglyphics crowded on each other so thickly that it would require many volumes to copy them. There stood their literature in the midst of the most magnificent temples ever raised by the genius of man. I went twice to see it by moonlight, when the vast masses of light and shade rendered it absolutely appalling. But I fear to write like a guide-book, and had rather abstain from details till we meet. One effect, however, I must tell you that my journey has produced upon me. Perhaps you may remember how much I always preferred form to colour; but now, owing to the magical effect of this, the driest atmosphere in the world, I am getting to like colour more than form. The endless variety of hues is extraordinary. Owing to the transparency of the air, objects are seen (as nearly as I can judge) more than twice the distance they can be seen in England under the most favourable circumstances. Until my eye became habituated to this, I often over-fatigued myself by believing that I could reach a certain point in a certain time. The result is a wealth and exuberance of colour which is hardly to be credited, and which I doubt if any painter would dare to represent. * * * If you were here, and felt as I do what it is to have the

brain every day over-excited—be constantly drunk with pleasure—you would easily understand how impossible much letter-writing becomes, and how impatient one grows of fixing upon paper 'thoughts which burn.' But, as you know of old, if my friends were to measure my friendship by the length of my letters, they would do me great injustice."

Colour was, however, his oldest love, to which he now returned, and with even more ardour and devotion, after seeing Petra, with its perpendicular walls of living rock, honey-combed with temples, dwellings, and tombs, and streaked with colours so bright, so various, and yet in such perfect harmony, that no one who has not actually seen it, can form any idea of the general effect—an effect which is further heightened by the tumbled masses of rock, and the bushes and trees which hang on every ledge and spring from every fissure.

The view over the Libyan plain of Thebes is perhaps the most beautiful, and certainly the most characteristic, in Egypt. For beyond fields of lupins and waving corn, still sit the two colossi, as they have sat for three thousand years—now, alas! sadly battered, but yet majestic in their solitary grandeur. A little to the right and behind is the Memnonium, with its background of the Libyan

hills, which catch the parting rays of the sun on their white and broken cliffs; and the slope of the Assaseef, riddled with gaping tombs. Still further on the right are the remains of the temple of El Goorneh, and a collection of mud huts of the same name; while on the extreme left are the huge mounds and mighty ruins of the temple of Medeenet Haboo.

A final look at the latter temple, and at certain tombs of the Assaseef and its neighbourhood; and then, at five o'clock on the 16th, sail was made for Assuan, which the "Ableh" reached on the 22nd.

As is usual, however, a halt had been made at Esneh, to allow the crew to bake their bread; and Buckle occupied his spare time in visiting the shamefully neglected temple of this place. Here were two other boats—the "Fortunata," on board of which was Mr. Longmore, who has since written an interesting account of his meetings with Buckle during the journey; and the "Canopus," occupied by two clergymen. On board the latter, Mr. Longmore made Buckle's acquaintance, and thus records the conversation:—"Though he smoked continuously during our interview, he was by no means solely occupied with that recreation, for he talked nearly

as continuously. A good deal of the time during which we were on board the "Canopus" together, he spent in maintaining that a constitutional country like England was never so well governed as when the sovereign was either a *débauché* or an imbecile. In proof of this rather paradoxical position, he instanced the reign of Henry the Third; and Charles the Second, to which we owe our *Habeas Corpus* Act, and one he still more admired, *de non Comburendo Hereticos*;[6] and those of George the Second and George the Third,—as the reigns in which we had made the greatest progress. With the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, and other absolute monarchs, it was different, for they, if energetic men, could do what they liked with the resources they governed, and thus leave to posterity such wonderful monuments of their magnificence as we

[6] This proposition is sketched out in that part of the *Introduction* to the *History of Civilization*, which refers to the attempt of the Spanish governments to improve the people. On the Act *de non Comburendo Hereticos* he has the following:—"By the old law of England the bishops were not allowed the luxury of burning heretics, except by the authority of a writ issued by the king in council. But Henry the Fourth procured a law ordering that all heretics were to be judged by the bishop of the diocese, and, if found guilty, to be burnt without any reference to the consent, or even to the knowledge, of the crown." Pp. 120, 121, vol. i., *Buckle's Posthumous and Miscellaneous Writings;* fragment on "Bishops," under the "Reign of Elizabeth."

had recently been admiring on the banks of the Nile.[7] "Subsequently, during the same visit to the 'Canopus,'" continues Mr. Longmore, "some reference being made to modern spiritualism, Mr. Buckle graphically narrated his experiences during a *séance* at which he had been present shortly before leaving London. This *séance* took place in the house, he said, of a Cabinet Minister, who, he was quite satisfied, would not have lent himself to any collusive trickery to facilitate the proceedings of the mediums. The chief of these was Mr. Home; and various marvellous phenomena were produced, more particularly the floating of a large circular drawing-room table in mid-air. These manifestations Mr. Buckle was unable to explain on any known physical laws. 'But,' he added, 'while I cannot admit there is anything supernatural about them, I think it quite possible there may be a development of some new force, well worthy of scientific investigation.' He afterwards mentioned

[7] He could not, however, have meant that under capable despots there is as much progress as under imbecile monarchs in free constitutions. What he probably said was, that these monuments were raised *because* the government was despotic in its strictest sense, which implies misery to the people. And secondly, that under a despotic government the country is wholly dependent on the capability of its ruler—progressing under a great man, and going back again under a reckless or foolish one.

that Mr. Home called on him shortly after the *séance*, and told him that he was anxious that he, a man well-known in the literary world, and recognized as no granter of propositions he had not duly examined for himself, would take up the subject of spiritualism, and after sufficiently testing the reality of its phenomena—in doing which Mr. Home offered every assistance in his power—announce to the world to what conclusion he had come. Mr. Home volunteered that, whenever Mr. Buckle wished it, he would readily come to his house, and perform his experiments there, so that there might be no suspicion of apparatus or collusion being employed to deceive him. In conclusion, Mr. Buckle told us he was so pleased with Mr. Home, that he was quite willing to agree to his proposal; but that the second volume of his book being then nearly ready for the press, his time had been so occupied with it that he was quite unable to take the subject of spiritualism up before his health broke down, and he was compelled to leave England. But he was resolved to investigate it on his return home—a return which, alas! never took place."[8]

[8] From Mr. J. A. Longmore's account in the *Athenæum*, p. 115, No. 2361, for 25th January, 1873.

At Assouan Mr. Buckle again met Mr. Longmore; and since with returning strength his love of conversation was also returning, seeking a cultivated companion to whom he could talk during his projected tour in Palestine, he invited him to accompany him during that journey; but Mr. Longmore was unfortunately obliged "reluctantly to decline."[9] Here arrangements were made for hiring another boat; for though all but the very biggest dahabeeyehs can pass the cataract, yet, as "El Ableh" was built of iron, any damage she might receive in the passage could not have been repaired in so primitive a place. To a wooden boat an occasional bump against a rock does no harm, and the only danger that is run is the chance that the boat may escape down the rapid—a danger which is effectually guarded against by ropes made fast to rocks; the boat is then hauled up a little further and again made fast, while the first ropes are loosed, and the process repeated.[10]

[9] *Athenæum*, p. 115, 25th January, 1873.

[10] Mr. Glennie says:—"Still grander, however [than ascending], was the shooting of this First Cataract, on our descending the Nile three weeks afterwards. Some travellers do not risk it; nor, I believe, did Mr. Buckle; but I found it one of the most glorious sensations I ever experienced."—*Pilgrim Memories*, p. 21. A truly heroic feat! which strangely recalls to us the anecdote told to Pepys of the passage of a Frenchman through London Bridge,

The boat engaged for the Nubian trip was little better than a common merchantman, the wild prototype of the civilized dahabeeyeh. Many windows were broken; and though Buckle had a letter of introduction to the Governor of Assouan from his Cairene friends, all his power was unable to produce a square inch of glass, and they had therefore to be patched up with paper. Two days were occupied in transferring stores, during which Buckle visited the Cataracts, the island of Elephanta, and "the beautiful island of Philæ," and also bought a great many antiquities.

He started on the 24th December, came back on the 8th January, and the next day the party rode back to the dahabeeyeh, which seemed quite a palace after the wretched boat they had just left. "We have all been, and are, remarkably well," he writes. "The journey into Nubia, notwithstanding its many discomforts, was in the highest degree curious and instructive; and, as I took extra precautions as regards diet and health, it did us no harm. * * * The heat in Nubia was intense. On Christmas day, at half-past eight in the evening, it was in my cabin

"Where, when he saw the great fall, he began to cross himself and say his prayers in the greatest fear in the world, and, soon as he was over, he swore 'Morbleu! c'est le plus grand plaisir du monde.'"—*Pepys' Diary*, 8th August, 1662.

81° Fahrenheit, though the sun had been excluded all day. Not one Egyptian traveller in ten enters Nubia; but, as you see, I felt confident in bringing us all well out of it; and now that we have been there, I would not have missed it for 500*l*. I feel very joyous, and altogether full of pugnacity, so that I wish some one would attack me—I mean, attack me speculatively. I have no desire for a practical combat." And to his aunt he writes from Cairo:—"The Nubian part of the journey I had to perform under circumstances of considerable discomfort in a common trading boat; but every step was to me so full of interest that I was amply repaid."

Everything was ready for the departure, but the wind blew strongly from the north, and forced a delay. Here a Mr. Glennie, who was in a dahabeeyeh on its way up, took the opportunity of having the news of the Prince Consort's death to communicate, to call on Buckle and introduce himself. The conversation on that occasion was, as always with Buckle, extremely animated, and, as Mr. Glennie says, was chiefly on spirit-rapping, as was the conversation with Mr. Longmore at Esneh. There is, however, this difference between the two conversations as recorded by Mr. Longmore and Mr. Glennie—that while at Esneh Buckle said that he was

unable to explain the phenomena on any known physical laws, and added, "While I cannot admit there is anything supernatural about them, I think it quite possible there may be a development of some new force well worthy of scientific investigation."[11] At Assouan he is declared to have believed they *were* supernatural, and performed by spirits, though the movements of table and chairs might not be; and to have listened with respectful attention and admiration to the explanation, that "just as the molecular motion of one organ of an animal body varyingly affects, and is affected by, the dynamic equilibrium of every other organ; so may individual bodies, conceived as systems of motion, not only varyingly affect, and be affected by each other, through a mechanically conceived medium; but such influence may be a consequence of mental actions which, if they have all mechanical equivalents, would, through a medium, be mechanically communicable."[12]

Though Buckle was an admirable listener, I do not think he would have had patience to listen to eight pages of this. Be this as it may, however, Buckle, as he previously asked Mr. Longmore, now asked Mr. Glennie to join him on his tour in

[11] *Athenæum*, p. 115, 25th January, 1873.
[12] Glennie, *Pilgrim Memories*, pp. 9—17.

Palestine, and accepted, as he always was ready to accept, an invitation to spend the evening on board Mr. Glennie's boat. His diary of this day has the following entry:—"Thursday, 9th January, 1862. The Nile. Rose at 6.40. Breakfast at 8. At [9] left the boat we had been in to Wady Halfeh, and, riding to Assouan, embarked there in our old boat Walked 1 hour. Dined at 6. Spent the evening in the dahabeeyeh of a Mr. Glennie, who called on me this afternoon. In bed at 10.10, and to 11.40 read the Bible."

On the following morning, notwithstanding the strong north wind, a start was made. Buckle made but few entries concerning what he saw, but he remarks at Edfoo, "Carefully examined the magnificent temple there, which is the most complete and interesting in all Egypt." Ever since he had left Thebes especially he had taken the greatest interest in collecting antiquities and curiosities, with which he intended to form a museum in the stable belonging to his house. "Connecting these with my reading," he said, "I think I shall make a very interesting collection." Nothing came amiss to him; specimens from the various quarries of Egypt, Nubian and Arab dresses, ornaments, weapons, and utensils, and as many antiquities as

he could collect—not confining himself to objects bearing an art value, but also buying ancient head-rests, mummy linen, wooden bolts and spoons, and mummy heads, hands, and arms. He loved to trace the likeness between the ancient and modern forms of utensils and weapons; and took so great an interest in everything, that he often said, were he only rich enough he would have all the hieroglyphics in Egypt copied. The following extracts from his catalogue will give some idea of what he collected:[13]—

"4. Part of a mummy-case, found in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 22nd January, 1862. This is curious from the similarity to our mutes with their wands—two of the Genii.

"8. The sun in the sacred boat. Found in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 20th January, 1862. Tablets of this sort were worn suspended round the neck of the Egyptian judges, and are the supposed origin of the Urim and Thummim of the Hebrews. *See* Martineau's *Eastern Life*, 1850, pp. 379, 380.

[13] Compare Mr. Glennie's, "He interested himself comparatively but little in the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt," and "He admired the art of Osirianism, though he dismissed its faith as superstition, and was hence, perhaps, more anxious to preserve its Idols than to understand its Gods."—Pp. 49, 54, *Pilgrim Memories*; where a good deal more of the like nonsense may be found.

"43. A piece of mummy-covering, found in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 20th January, 1862. This is curious, as showing how the Egyptians used to represent their enemies on their shoes, for the purpose of trampling on them. From the long noses the captives are probably intended for Jews.[14]

"89. A stool used by the Abyssinian women to lean their elbows on. It was made at Gondar, and I bought it of an Abyssinian at Assouan, on 23rd December, 1861. I have seen exactly the same stool represented in some of the Egyptian tombs.

"232. Model of the stool, or wooden pillow, used by the ancient Egyptians to rest the head on. It was found in a tomb in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 16th December, 1861. Exactly the same kind as is now used by the Abyssinians.

[14] Compare the story of 'Alá ed-Deen Abu-sh-shámát, in which 'Alá ed-Deen is ordered to be hung by the Khaleefeh. But a friend of his repaired to the prison, and said to the jailer, "Give us some one who is deserving of being put to death." And he gave him one who was the nearest of men in resemblance to 'Alá ed-Deen, who was hung in his stead. But now the Khaleefeh wanted to see the body. "So the Khaleefeh went down, accompanied by the Wezeer Jaafar, and proceeded to the gallows; and raising his eyes he saw that the body which was hanging there was not that of 'Alá ed-Deen." "How do you know?" asked the Wezeer; and to his reply that this body is long, and the face is black, explains that these are the results of hanging. But the Khaleefeh has the body cut down, and finds written on the heels of the corpse the names of the two Sunnee saints, whereas 'Alá ed-Deen was himself a Sunnee.

"226. A gilt figure of the sacred *tau*, or sign of life. It was presented to the king when he assumed the government, and the early Christians of Egypt adopted it in place of the cross.

"414. Four small cymbals, played with the finger and thumb. They were made at Cairo, where I bought them 17th February, 1862. They supply the place of castanets in the Almeh dance, and were the origin of the Spanish castanet. *Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*, 1854, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

"416. The sling commonly used in Egypt to drive birds from the field. It will hold several stones. Such slings are often represented on the old Egyptian monuments. This was made at Cairo, where I bought it on 7th February, 1862.

"456. The ordinary Egyptian darabooka, or drum. It is used all through Egypt, and nearly every boat on the Nile is provided with one. Precisely the same instrument is depicted on some of the oldest Egyptian monuments. This I bought at Cairo, 19th February, 1862.

"483. A specimen of the ancient Egyptian bricks, made of Nile mud and straw. I took this on 13th January, from the walls of Eileithyas, now called El Kab, situated about fifty miles south of Thebes.

"339. An imperfect figure of Atome, which I bought at Cairo on 11th February, 1862. His head is decorated with the lotus and plumes, and feather of Ammon. *See* Birch's *Gallery of Antiquities*, pp. 21; 22, where he is called Nofre-Athom. He is the Athmon, or Athmoo, of Champollion, Wilkinson, and Rosselini. According to Mrs. Lieder, he was the great god of Heliopolis, and was the parent of mankind—the same as Adam.

"344. A rare, and unusually perfect figure, which I bought from the Odelschachi collection at Cairo, 7th February, 1862. It is like Fig. 16 in Birch's *Gallery of Antiquities*, except that Isis and Nepthys are not supporting its sides. It represents Pthah 'in his two-fold capacity of Pthah and Socharis.' In his human type he is 'standing upon two crocodiles; perched upon his shoulders are two hawks, which indicate his dominion over the upper and lower hemispheres.' 'The goddess Pasht, bearing on her head the solar disc, and with long wings pendent from her arms,' considered as Merepthah, or the (goddess) loving Pthah, aids him behind.'—*Birch*, pp. 15, 16. 'Pthah, or Ptah, was the principal deity and protector of the ancient city of Memphis.'—*Birch*, p. 13. 'His worship was

of the highest antiquity, his name appearing on monuments coëval with the Pyramids themselves.' —*Birch*, p. 14. The fact of this figure of Pthah wanting Isis and Nepthys at the sides proves, says Mrs. Lieder, its great antiquity."

Six days were spent at Thebes, two of which were devoted almost entirely to antiquity-hunting, and the others to sight-seeing, and such antiquities as chance offered. On the 20th January, El Ableh again started, but Buckle wrote nothing concerning the sights he saw, or deeds he did, during his journey down the Nile except the description of Thebes already quoted, and a pleasant account of his visit to Abydos, concerning which he says, "That I have not already been thrown is a marvel, seeing that among other audacious feats I went from the Nile [15] to Abydos on a donkey, with a cloth for a saddle, and two pieces of rope for stirrups, and in this wretched plight had to ride between eight and nine hours." From his diary it appears that he only rested three-quarters of an hour at Abydos, and returned "quite exhausted."

The last sight before reaching Cairo was the Pyramids. Donkeys were obtained from Cairo—"jolly-spirited donkeys," as one of the boys writes,

[15] Girgeh.

"such as we had not had for a long time up the Nile." With his usual care, Buckle had warned the boys not to look down on their way up the Pyramids. He himself went up also, but took thirty-eight minutes, and, finding the first passage too difficult, he did not go inside.

At Boulak the boat was moored, but the party were so comfortable in it, and were so much better treated than they would have been at an hotel, that they continued to live on board, notwithstanding that the cost was nearly double.

"We have anchored one and a half miles from Cairo," he writes, "as I think living on the Nile more healthy than being in an hotel. I shall therefore keep on the boat, and all my establishment, including my virtuous and noble-minded cook, until we start for the desert. As to cookey, please God! he and I will never part till the Asiatic part of the journey is ended.

"I am glad that you thought of night-caps; but I did not write for them, because I did not wish to give needless trouble, and excellent Arab caps can be bought here. I had quite determined to provide myself with them. Indeed, I never let the boys be out at all after sunset without seeing that their ears, &c., are covered with a pocket-hand-

kerchief, which I prefer to a scarf, as less heating.

"I make no doubt that we can reach Vienna by June; but to hurry ourselves would spoil all, and be too fatiguing, as for about three months all our travelling will be on camels and horseback. How long do you think of staying at Vienna? and would it matter if we did not arrive there till the first week in July? I suppose you will remain at least a month; and I shall be glad of a little rest to push on the boys in their knowledge, so that they may return to England with everything gathered up and thoroughly digested.

"Good-bye! keep up your spirits, and look to the future with confidence. All will go well."

And in a postscript he asks, "Have you heard ought of the Spanish translation of my History?"

In an interesting letter written a few days before to the father of the boys, he writes:—

"You ask me about Mill's *Political Economy*, and in asking you hit one of the very few blots made by that very great man. Mill has, perhaps, fewer prejudices than any living writer; but he has never quite got rid of the influence of the old *doctrinaire* school. The traditions of that school were handed down to him by his father direct from

Jeremy Bentham; and, though Bentham was one of the most eminent thinkers this or any other country has ever possessed, he was so unversed in the *art* of life (as distinguished from the *science*) that if he had possessed the requisite power he would have inflicted more misery upon England than has ever been inflicted on it by any single man. 'Meddle, meddle, meddle,' is always the cry of the speculator, unless he be practitioner as well as speculator. Your knowledge of practical affairs enables you to see, as it were instinctively, that this is wrong; though to *prove* it to be wrong needs a long, a refined, and an intricate argument. When a man can demonstrate that a thing *ought* to be, the temptation is almost irresistible to cry out it *shall* be. And yet compulsion and interference are so essentially mischievous, that it is often better (I believe I may say it is *always* better) to tolerate the worst social evils than to seek to remove those evils by the coarse hand of the legislator. The present state of things in England concerning Inheritance and Succession is no doubt very bad, and does great harm; but unless you can convince society of the harm, any alteration of the law would defeat its own aim by provoking a reaction. The history of human affairs,

in modern times, is the history of these reactions, all of which have been full of danger — and none of which would have occurred, if men would bide their time, and would only condescend to sap bad institutions before they try to overthrow them.

"I am very glad that you like —— s letters; but I assure you that I have not the least hand in them. I make a point of never seeing what the boys write, or of suggesting to them what they should write, except that I sometimes remind them to let you know about their health. —— may possibly have repeated part of my conversation about what we had seen together. However this may be, I have no hesitation in saying that both the boys are much improving. Their habits of industry (I mean industry as a pleasure) are so formed, that it is quite a pleasure to me to see them take up their books; and they are beginning to talk with eagerness about saving their money when they go home to form a library of their own. —— told me a day or two ago that he now wondered that he could ever have liked story-books, when books of history and travels were so much more interesting. He added, that he should get his mamma to give him other books in exchange for his story-books, since

these * * * were by no means good enough for him.

"Such aspirations are not to be laughed at; still less are they to be repressed. * * *

"About the 19th or 20th we shall, I hope, cross the desert to Sinai, and if possible go from Sinai through Petra to Jerusalem. If, as constantly happens, Petra should be unsafe, we shall return to Cairo, after seeing Sinai; and from Cairo cross the desert, at the north by El Arish, to Gaza and Hebron. Directly we get to Cairo I shall begin to make preparations, and buy the tents, furniture, &c. In Palestine and Syria I do not intend to go into hotels anywhere, nor even at Jerusalem. They are often damp and dirty, and I am satisfied that tent-life, with proper precautions, may be made extremely healthy. But I have as yet found few travellers who will take these precautions; and three or four parties on the Nile who wished to travel with us to Jerusalem, under one common arrangement, have turned back, and declined my plans as too extravagant. And yet, if I know anything of myself, there is no one less extravagant than I am. But in these countries (especially when we shall undergo the fatigue of travelling eight or nine hours every day for weeks on camels

or on horseback) comfort and health are synonymous. I shall buy at Cairo iron bedsteads and good thick blankets; and looking at these and other appliances, my dragoman calculates that we shall need eighteen or twenty camels. At present we have three servants—our dragoman (i. e. Hassan), an excellent cook, and a boy about eighteen or nineteen; the boy is dull and inefficient, so I shall get rid of him at Cairo,[16] but the other two I shall take on with me. Instead, therefore, of the badly-cooked, indigestible stuff which most Eastern travellers eat at the khans, or in large towns at the hotels,[17] we shall be well fed; and if I can succeed in keeping the boys' digestive functions in complete order, I have not the smallest fear of the fatigue and exposure hurting them. I shall supply my servants well with fire-arms, and have the best escort that can be procured. My present plan is to buy three horses at Cairo, and have them sent on to meet us when we enter Palestine; for some of the best horses in the world, the fine old Arab

[16] Or, as one of the boys has it: "Instead of our fool of a boy, we are going to have a man to wait on us, who has been in the desert before. Mr. B. says that it makes him mad to talk to the boy we have now."

[17] This is all changed now, and travellers generally have their own cooks. Even in 1862 people were beginning to travel more luxuriously.

breed, are to be had at Cairo; and they are perfectly docile and capable of long-continued exertion—qualities in which the Syrian horses are very inferior.

"This will be a very expensive journey; but looking at the objects to be attained by it, I shall not grudge the cost, and (unless I am greatly mistaken in your views concerning the boys) you will not grudge it either. At all events, it is clear that if the journey is to be made by boys not very strong, and by a man not much stronger, it would be madness to spare money, when money will increase the chance of impunity. Perhaps you will think it unnecessary for me to have said thus much; and I know that in a mere pecuniary point of view such considerations cannot trouble you. Still, no one likes to incur expense without knowing the reason why, and I have thought it just to give you these details. That you will be amply repaid in the improvement of your boys, I confidently believe; and most assuredly if I had not believed it nothing would have induced me to take them.

"I hope that the thinness of the envelope will not prevent this from reaching you safely; but I have no thicker ones, and none are to be procured here. We shall send home two cases of antiquities.

Some of them are valuable, and very fragile. They will be packed with great care, and sent to Messrs. Briggs, at Alexandria, who will forward them to you by the first ship which goes direct to London. Please to be present *yourself* when they are examined at the Custom House. They contain nothing but antiquities, on which there is now no duty; but be so kind as to see that every article which is looked at, is replaced in the paper in which it is wrapped, as such paper bears generally some particulars respecting it, which I should be sorry to lose."

At Cairo he greatly increased his collection of antiquities, buying at various dealers, but chiefly from a museum called the Odeschalchi. These he catalogued carefully in the way which we have seen, and the same entry was on the paper wrapper of the article when packed. In this he was much assisted by a Mrs. Lieder, the wife of the Lutheran clergyman at Cairo, who had for twenty years herself been collecting antiquities, chiefly figures, and afforded Mr. Buckle every assistance—looking at his antiquities which he brought to show her, assigning their period, and finally having them packed in her own house. She and her sister delighted in Buckle's conversation; and though the talk was

chiefly on the country and antiquities, yet the author remembers one occasion when they asked him to sit down and explain the accusation against him of attacking religion (!) in his book? Buckle sat down, and spoke for at least half an hour with an uninterrupted flow of words, explaining the real position he maintained; but the effort was rather too much for him, and he had to lie down in his little cabin for the rest of the day. So energetic the mind, so weak and feeble and faint the vesture of decay that closed it in!

We have seen that Buckle counted on at most sixteen days' detention at Cairo, but his actual stay was twenty-seven days. The following letter, dated 23rd February, will explain his generous reason:—

"You will be surprised to find that we are still here. But I have (with some hesitation) determined to postpone our departure till after the arrival of the 'Delta,' which, according to your letter, received five days ago, should leave Southampton on the 12th, and should reach Alexandria on the 25th or 26th. The truth is that the boys are getting on so admirably, and Josephus's *Antiquities of the Jews* is so essential for their study of Palestine, that I have deemed it advisable to forego the advantage of an earlier start, rather than stop

the course of their reading now that their minds are fresh and eager. Had we left here on the 19th it would have been impossible to receive this very important book until we reached Jerusalem, and perhaps (so uncertain are the means of transit in the East) we should not have received it till we were at Beyrout, about the beginning of May. Although, therefore, the camels have been engaged since the 19th, as well as the servants—of whom I take, besides the cook and Hassan, two well-armed men, and also two of the most influential sheiks belonging to the tribes through which we pass (these are in addition to the camel-leaders, etc.)—I am still keeping on the boat and crew, living *en prince* with these splendid establishments. But, seriously speaking, while I see the dear little fellows so eager about knowledge, I could not deprive them of another chance of getting their unfortunate and long-delayed book. When I told —— that you had written to say that the *Antiquities of the Jews* were not coming with the first parcel, I really thought he would have cried, so piteous was his disappointment; and —— was nearly as bad. I am sure that you did all in your power to push matters on, but the delay has been vexatious for several reasons. However, I shall have everything in preparation to

enter the desert directly Josephus is delivered; so that the 28th will, I hope, see us fairly off. In the desert I purpose husbanding our strength by travelling slowly; and every five or six days I shall encamp for an entire day, if I see the least symptoms of over-fatigue. Consequently we shall have plenty of time for reading, and, I trust, plenty of vigour for talking. At present we are all in high health and spirits.

"The revolver strikes me as very beautiful, but my admiration is the admiration of ignorance. The books, shirts, etc., were all quite right. * * *"

During this stay at Cairo he read much, viz. Kenrick's *History of Egypt*, Birch's *Gallery of Antiquities*, St. John's *Turks in Europe*, Renan's "interesting Introduction to *Le Livre de Job*," Renan's *Études d'Histoire Religieux*, besides finishing the *Old Testament*, which he had begun on the Nile. But this was only in the intervals and odd corners of his time, which was chiefly spent, as I have already said, at Mrs. Lieder's and her antiquities, and in seeing Cairo, and his friends and acquaintances, among whom Mr. Thayer, the American Consul-General, by his exceeding kindness occupied a prominent place.

The account of Buckle in Cairo is admirably

given by an American gentleman who met him there,[18] and to whom he was introduced, as well as to Mr. Thayer, at a dinner given by Mr. C——, which took place at an hotel called the Restaurant d'Auric, on February 5th. Buckle, he says, talked with a velocity and fulness of facts that was wonderful. The rest could do little but listen and ask questions. And yet he did not seem to be lecturing; the stream of his conversation flowed along easily and naturally. Nor was it didactic; Buckle's range of reading has covered everything in elegant literature, as well as the ponderous works whose titles make so formidable a list at the beginning of his History; and as he remembers everything he has read, he can produce his stores upon the moment, for the illustration of whatever subject that happens to turn up.

He expressed a strong hope that England would take no part against America, and do nothing to break the blockade. His next volume was to be on the United States and Germany, and would contain a complete view of the German philosophy: but he will visit America before he writes.

[18] "Personal Reminiscences of the late Henry Thomas Buckle," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for April, 1863, pp. 488—499; and I quote as nearly as possible his own words.

Although appreciating the great work of De Tocqueville, he complains of the general inadequacy of European criticism upon America. Gasparin's books, by the way, he has not seen. For his own part, he considers the subject too vast, he says, and the testimony too conflicting, to permit him to write upon it before he has seen the country; and meanwhile he scrupulously abstains from forming any conclusive opinions. Subject to this reservation of judgment, however, he remarked that he was inclined to think that George the Third forced the Americans prematurely into democracy, although the natural tendency of things in both countries was towards it; and he thought that perhaps we had established a political democracy without having yet achieved an intellectual democracy; the two ought to go hand in hand together. The common people in England, he said, are by far the most useful class of society. He had been especially pleased by the numerous letters he had received from working men who had read his book. These letters often surprised him by the acuteness and capacity displayed by their writers. The nobility would perish utterly, if it were not constantly recruited from commoners. Lord Brougham was the first member of the secular peerage who con-

tinued after his elevation to sign his name in full, "H. Brougham," which he did to show his continued sympathy with the class from which he sprang. Buckle remarked that the history of the peasantry of no European country has ever been written, or ever can be written, and without it the record of the doings of kings and nobles is mere chaff. Surnames were not introduced until the eleventh century, and it is only since that period that genealogy has become possible.

Another very pleasant thing, continues this writer, is Mr. Buckle's cordial appreciation of young men. He repeated the story, that when Harvey announced to the world his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, among the physicians who received it was none above the age of forty. Mr. Thayer told him of some of his friends who had read his book with especial satisfaction. He evidently took pleasure in this sort of appreciation, and said that this was the class of readers he sought. "In fact, the young men," he said, "are the only readers of much value; it is they who shape the future." He said that Thackeray and Delane had told him he would find Boston very like England. He knew but few Bostonians. He had corresponded with Theodore Parker, whom

he considered a remarkable man; he had preserved but one of his letters, which he returned to Mrs. Parker, in answer to her request for materials to aid in preparing the memoir of her late husband. Buckle says that he does not generally preserve other than business letters.[19]

He had anecdotes to tell of Johnson, Lamb, Macaulay, Voltaire, Talleyrand, &c., and quoted passages from Burke and from Junius at length, and in the exact words. Junius he considered proved to be Sir Philip Francis. He told a good story against Wordsworth, contained in a letter from Lamb to Talfourd, too personal to publish, but which the latter had shown to the present Lord Aberdare. Lamb says that Wordsworth, who worshipped nobody but himself, affected to slight Shakespeare—said he was a clever man, but his style had a good deal of trick in it, and that he could imitate him if he had a mind to. "So you see," writes Lamb, "there's nothing wanting but the mind."[20]

Mr. Buckle had a very low opinion of the ancient Egyptian civilization, differing in this respect altogether from Hekekayan Bey, an Armenian, a

[19] This letter did not arrive, and must have been lost in the post.

[20] Buckle kept a small Common-Place Book for anecdotes, and this is among them.

well-read, intelligent man, and formerly Minister of Public Instruction, who was one of the company.[21] Buckle declared that the machines, as figured on the monuments, &c., are of the most primitive kind; and that learning, by all accounts, was confined to the priests, and covered a very narrow range, exhibiting no traces of acquaintance with the higher useful arts. He says that it is a fallacy to suppose that savages are bodily superior to civilized men. Captain Cook found that his sailors could outwork the islanders. For Turkish civilization he had not the slightest respect, and said that he could write the whole of it on the back of his hands; and here Hekekayan Bey cordially agreed with him.

Mr. Thayer asked him, if in England he had been subjected to personal hostility for his opinions, or to anything like social ostracism? He said generally not. A letter from a clergyman to an acquaintance in England, expressing intense antipathy to him, although he had never seen the writer, was the only evidence of this kind of opposition.[22] "In fact," said he naively, "the people of

[21] Author of a Treatise on the Chronology of the Siriadic Monuments, 1863.

[22] Compare the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd's "I have mildly vented my indignation; and I now, in a moral sense, extend my hand to

England have such an admiration of any kind of intellectual splendour, that they will forgive for its sake the most objectionable doctrines."

He told the company that the portion of his book which relates to Spain, had been translated into Spanish.[23] Mr. Thayer remarked, that to this circumstance, no doubt, we may ascribe some part of the modern regeneration of Spain, the leading statesmen being persuaded to a more liberal policy; but this view Buckle disclaimed, with an eagerness seeming to be something more than the offspring of modesty.

After dinner, continues the contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, we returned to Mrs. R.'s apartments, where we had tea. Buckle and Hekekayan now got into an animated discussion upon the ancient Egyptian civilization, which scarcely gave the rest of us a chance to put in a

Mr. Buckle. Had he come up that corkscrew stair an hour or two ago, I am not entirely certain that I might not have taken him by the collar and shaken him. And had I found him standing on a chair in the green behind the church, and indoctrinating my simple parishioners with his peculiar notions, I have an entire conviction that I should have forgotten my theoretical assent to the doctrine of religious toleration, and by a gentle hint to my sturdy friends procured him an invigorating bath in that gleaming river."—P. 650, vol. lix., *Fraser's Magazine*, No. 354, for June, 1859.

[23] At the instance, risk, and under the superintendence of Mr Henry Huth. But Mr. Buckle was enjoined not to mention this fact.

single word. It was, however, exceedingly interesting to sit and listen. Indeed, although there was nothing awful about Buckle, one felt a little abashed to intrude his own remarks in such a presence. We stayed until near midnight, and then, taking our leave, Buckle accompanied S. and myself as far as the door of our hotel. Buckle received most kindly all suggestions made to him of books to be read on American affairs, and people to be seen in the United States.

On February 9th, Buckle dined with Mr. Thayer at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. Buckle was in excellent spirits, and, as before, was the life of the party. They had been terribly afraid lest he and Hekekayan should get into another long disputation, for the excellent Bey had fortified himself with new materials; but the ladies were taken into their confidence to aid in turning the conversation, should it be necessary, all of which made a great deal of entertainment; but there proved to be no occasion for anything of the sort.

Buckle told some capital stories: among them, one against Alison, almost too good to be true, namely, that in the first edition of his History he mentioned among the causes of the French Revolution "the timber duty," because he had read in

a French pamphlet that there were popular discontents about the *droits de timbre.* Alison's History, he said, is the very worst that ever was written.[24] He cited the definition that "fine writing is that which is true without being obvious." In the course of the conversation—in which, as before, Buckle touched points in the whole circle of literature and science, giving quotations even in Hebrew

[24] He has many, and by no means complimentary, remarks on Alison's History in various parts of his writings: "Began to read for the first time *Alison's History of Europe,* of which I looked through his *very* superficial view of the ultimate results of the French Revolution at the end of the 14th volume."—*Diary,* 26th May, 1851. "In Alison's *Principles of Population* * * * there are some singularly superficial remarks upon the poor laws and population. * * * Amid all this nonsense, Alison has *one* good remark. * * * "—*Pp.* 453, 454. "Alison actually supposes 'that prices inevitably rise in an old and wealthy community, from the great quantity of the precious metals in the existing currency which their opulence enables them, and their numerous mercantile transactions compel them, to keep in circulation, and consequently," &c. &c. ! ! !"—*P.* 528, *vol. i. Posthumous Works.* "The ordinary compilers, such as Sir A. Alison."—*P.* 329, *note.* The reign of William the Third is "frequently misunderstood even by those who praise it. Thus, for instance, a living writer informs us" that William the Third had "the art of overcoming the ignorant impatience of taxation which is the invariable characteristic of free communities."—*P.* 368, *note.* Talking of the reign of Charles the First: "Sir A. Alison notices in his History (vol. iv. p. 213), 'how widely the spirit of discontent was diffused' in 1796; and the only wonder is, that the people were able to keep it in bounds. That, however, is a question which writers of his stamp never consider."—*P.* 456, *note.* "The common opinion, put forth in *Alison's History of Europe.*"—*P.* 483 *note, History of Civilization,* vol. i.

The writer in the *Atlantic,* however, adds that he has been unable to confirm Buckle's anecdote.

from the Talmud and the Bible—he made a very pretty compliment to his host, introduced as adroitly as from the lips of a professed courtier, but evidently spoken on the moment. It was something in this way: Hekekayan and Buckle were in argument, and Buckle said, "Ah, you mistake a necessary condition for the cause." "What is cause but necessary condition?" asked Hekekayan. "Very different: two men can't fight a duel without meeting; but every two men who meet don't fight a duel." "But they couldn't fight a duel without meeting," persisted Hekekayan. "Yes," rejoined Buckle; "but the meeting isn't the cause of the duel. Why, there could not be a dinner-party unless the company met; but our meeting here to-day isn't the cause of the dinner: the cause of the dinner is the kindness of our host." "Or rather of the landlord," said N. "Oh no! of the American government," said C. "Ah," said Buckle, "those things are not cause: the cause of our good dinner, I maintain, is only the charming hospitality of the Consul-General."

The next day Buckle again dined with Mr. Thayer, when he sat next to the writer in the *Atlantic*, asked about American books, and told him his opinion of those he had read. He said

that Quincy's *History of Harvard University* was the latest book on America he had received before leaving England. He preferred Kent's exposition of the United States Constitution to Story's, although this also he had consulted and used. He had not seen Mr. Adams's complete edition of the works of his grandfather, nor Parton's *Life of Jackson*, both of which he was recommended to read, particularly the chapters in the former in which are traced the steps in the progress of making the American Constitutions. He said he would not visit America till the domestic troubles were composed, for he desired to see the practical working of the American institutions in their normal state, not confused and disturbed by the excitements of war. He would go first to Boston and New York, the intellectual and commercial heads, as he said, of the Republic; and to Washington, the political capital. He would then like to pass from the Northern into the Southern States, but asked if he could travel safely in the latter, in view of his extreme opinions in detestation of slavery. From the Southern States he said he would wish to pass into Mexico, thence into Peru and to Chili; then to cross the Pacific Ocean to Japan, to China, to

India, and so back by the overland route to England. This magnificent scheme he had seriously resolved upon, and proposed to devote to it two or three years. He undertook it partly for information, and partly for relaxation of his mental faculties, which he had injured by overwork, and which imperatively demanded repose. He asked many questions with regard to matters of detail: whether he would find conveyance by steamers in the Pacific, and of what sort would be the accommodation in them, and in sailing-vessels. He asked at what season he had best arrive in the United States, and whether he had better land at New York or at Boston. Boston, he said, he regarded as "the intellectual head of the country, and New York, you know, for trade." His friend answered these questions to the best of his ability, and told him that he must not omit seeing the western country, and some of the new cities, like Chicago. Buckle asked him if he knew "a Mrs. Child," who had written him a letter, and sent him her book about the history of religion. He had been pleased with the letter and the book.

The conversation became general, and Mr. B——, of New York, told a story of an old Congressional debate, in which John Randolph derisively com-

pared Edward Everett to Richelieu. Buckle at once said he should regard it as a compliment of the very highest kind to be compared to Richelieu. On being asked if he had read Dumas' novels, he said he had not, although he had felt an inclination to do so. He asked one or two questions about them, and gave a rapid generalization of the history of France at that time.

Mr. Thayer showed him the little stock of books he happened to have with him in Cairo. Mr. Buckle looked them over with interest, expressing his opinions upon them. One of them, Mr. Bayle St. John's little book on the Turkish question, he borrowed, although he said that he denied himself all reading on this journey, undertaken for mental rest, and had brought no books with him. They got upon the inevitable question of international copyright, which he discussed in a spirit of remarkable candour. His own experience was this: Messrs. Appleton reprinted his first volume without compensation, asking him to furnish materials for a prefatory memoir, of which request he took no notice;[25] afterwards, when the second volume was published, they sent him something—I believe fifty pounds. Buckle's American friend pointed

[25] See above, the letter to Mr. Capel, p. 153 of Vol. I.

out a distinction between copyright for the British author, and monopoly for the British publisher. He added, that the American people and their representatives in Congress, would not have the least objection to paying a trifling addition to the cost of books, which would make, upon the immense editions sold of the popular books, a handsome compensation to the foreign authors, but that they have very decided objections to the English system of enormously high prices for books. He instanced several books, which could be bought in the United States for a quarter or half a dollar, while in England they cannot be purchased for less than a guinea and a half—that is, for seven or eight dollars, although the author gains very little by these high prices, which, indeed, would be absolutely prohibitory of the circulation of the books in the United States. And since the great literary market of the United States has been created at the public expense, by the maintenance of the system of universal education, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable that the American legislators should insist upon preserving, by the competition among publishers, the advantages of low prices of books in pursuance of a policy which looks to a wide circulation. In Great Britain the publishers follow a

different policy, and insist upon selling books at high prices to a comparatively small circle of readers.

Mr. Buckle was kind enough to listen attentively to this sort of reasoning, and admitted that it was entitled to some degree of weight. Indeed, he said that he had earnestly wished to bring out a cheap edition of his own book in England, omitting the notes and references, for the use of the working classes, of whose appreciation he had received many gratifying proofs;[26] he had made his arrangements for this purpose, but was prevented from carrying them out by the opposition of his publishers, who objected that such an edition would injure *their* interest in the more costly edition. But Mr. Buckle freely declared that he would, in his circumstances, rather forego the profit on the sale of his book than restrict its circulation. This conversation led to a description of the reading public in America, of the intelligence and independence of our working people, of their habits of life and of thought, about which Buckle manifested great interest, asking many intelligent questions.

[26] Buckle's *Diary* has the following entry, 18th November, 1862: "A visit from Mr. Holyoake, whom I now saw for the first time, and who wishes me to publish an edition of my History on common paper for six shillings, leaving out the notes."

On February 13th there was a religious celebration, including an illumination, in the mosk of the citadel, to see which Mr. Thayer had invited Mr. Buckle, as well as the two lads, his travelling companions. But at the last moment the advice was strongly given on all sides not to go, lest some bigoted Mussulmans should take offence, and there might be a disturbance. Not long before, a party of Englishmen had behaved very badly on a similar occasion, from which resulted a disturbed state of feeling. It, of course, could not be pleasant to people of any religious belief to have their ceremonies made a spectacle for curiosity; and although the mudir promised ample protection, the plan was given up, and, the company being gathered, they had a pleasant evening together. The presence of the ladies of Mr. B——'s party gave the opportunity to see Mr. Buckle again under the inspiration of ladies' society, which he especially enjoys, and in the lighter conversation suited to which he shines with not less distinction than when conversing upon abstruse topics.

In the course of the evening, in the midst of conversation, in which he was taking an animated part, Mr. Buckle exhibited symptoms of faintness. Fresh air was at once admitted into the room,

which was full of cigar smoke; water and more powerful restoratives were brought, but these he declined. After a few minutes' repose upon the divan, he declared that he was perfectly recovered, and half an hour afterwards took his leave with the boys.

On the 15th February, Buckle had arranged to visit the so-called Petrified Forest, behind the Mokuttum range, in company with Mr. Thayer and several American and English travellers. Mr. Buckle, who was always trying fatigue-saving contrivances for his desert journey, thought this a good opportunity for trying a camel with the *mazetta*, a sort of box in which the hareem generally travel, something like a palanquin without the poles, carried on the back of one camel.

The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says, "On looking down from the balcony at the transportation train marshalled for the occasion, amid the admiring gaze of all the idlers of Cairo, I was at first a little chagrined to find, as the final result of the various arrangements, that, besides the camels, the mazetta, the carriage and four, and the proud-stepping horse, there appeared but one donkey—that selected for me. But I was, in truth, very well off. To begin with, it was not thought pru-

dent that Mr. Buckle should use the *mazetta* until the procession had got beyond the narrow streets of Cairo, lest the camel bearing it should take fright, and knock the whole thing to pieces against the wall of a house. Accordingly, he and his charges took donkeys, and I rode off with them at the head of the column. By-and-by Mr. Buckle changed to the conveyance originally proposed, but a very short experiment (literally, I expect) sickened him of the mazetta, whose motion is precisely that of a ship in a storm, and he sent back to the town for donkeys. At the next halt the ladies took him into their carriage, where he found himself, as he said, 'in clover.'

"It pretty soon appeared," he continues, "that the camel which T. was riding was young and frisky; the animal was accordingly pronounced unsafe, and T. changed to a donkey, which had fortunately been brought along for a reserve. The Hon. W. S——'s camel, from the saddle becoming unfastened, pitched rider and saddle to the ground—a fall of five or six feet; fortunately, no harm was done, and he bravely mounted again. The saddle upon the camel which the Rev. Mr. S—— rode split in two, and the seat must have been a torture; but he bore it like a martyr, never flinching. But

camel stock had so far depreciated that I was able to try as much as I liked of camel-riding now and then, at the same time obliging a friend by the use of my donkey meanwhile. * * *

"The journey to the forest, about ten miles, was safely accomplished. We found the petrifactions duly wonderful. An excellent luncheon was laid out, after which we had an hour and a half of very entertaining conversation, in which Mr. Buckle and the Rev. Mr. S—— held the leading parts; all around us as desolate and silent as one could imagine. It was interesting to observe the manner in which Buckle estimated eminent names, grouping them in some instances in threes—a favourite conceit with him. John Stuart Mill, of all living men, he considered as possessing the greatest mind in the world. Aristotle, Newton, and Shakespeare are the greatest the world has produced in past times. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are the only three great poets. Johnson, Gibbon, and Parr are the three writers who have done the greatest harm to the English language. For Hallam he had a strong admiration. He spoke of Sydney Smith as the greatest English wit, and of Selwyn as next to him, and described Macaulay's memory as unequalled in conversation."[27]

[27] Buckle met Macaulay at dinner, 19th June, 1852, at Lord

However, at last everything was ready, and one of the boys writes as follows:—"We are expecting the *Antiquities of the Jews* either to-day or to-morrow, and we are going to start for Suez on Sunday. The camels are packed, and are going to start to-day. Mr. B. has allowed another gentleman to join our party, a Mr. Glennie. We have seen some of our tent furniture. We have got iron bedsteads, that fold up and put into a bag, like my fishing-rod, only thicker; we have got four camp-stools, and little Bucky is going to have an iron chair with a back to it, that folds up, and a camp-stool to put his legs on. We have got prepared milk in tin cases, so that we shall not have to go without milk as so many people do; and we have got preserved tongue in tin cases, because we have nearly eaten all yours; and boiled beef, and I don't know what all; so we won't starve. Other people only eat mutton, which is the only meat you can get from the Bedouins. I have read the *Hebrew Commonwealth.* Part of it is dry, and part interesting; it gives a history of the Jews from the time of Moses, B.C. 1500, to the great Jewish war with the Romans, and the taking of Jerusalem by Titus,

Hatherley's house, and records two anecdotes related by Macaulay. Buckle's remark on Lord Macaulay's power of memory is thoroughly borne out by the admirable biography of him written by his nephew.

A.D. 71. I am now going to begin the subsequent history of the Jews, which is in the same volume with the *Hebrew Commonwealth.* I think Josephus will be very interesting, but I have not begun it yet; —— has nearly finished it: but I don't think I shall be able to read much in the desert, particularly such an immense book as Josephus.[28] We are very busy to-day packing up. Mr. B. is packing now, and directly I have finished this letter I am going to pack—so we won't be able to read much to-day. Mr. B. has put a little blistering-plaster on my forehead for his own amusement, and won't let me take it off again. I have got a very small mummied crocodile; it is such a darling little thing that I know you won't mind it." And the other boy writes:—"Mr. Buckle still often puts on the 'rough brown coat' that you mentioned in your letter, and I mended the sleeves for him, because he was always putting his arms through the linings. * * * It is raining to-day, the second time since we have been in Egypt. We are very comfortable and jolly, and Mr. Buckle is packing up antiquity after antiquity every day. I have read Stanley, and I like it very much; and now I am reading Josephus, and I like it better."

[28] Traill's.

On Monday, 3rd March, a start was made, but through the fault of Hassan, the dragoman, the party just missed their train, and had to go to the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. The next day they started for Suez at 12.30, where they found at the hotel "a Mr. Glennie," as Buckle has entered in his diary, "who has agreed to join us." This gentleman had called on Mr. Buckle at Boulak on the 19th February, when, as he writes:[29]—"He was again kind enough to ask me to join him on his further journey, and spoke so enthusiastically of the historical interest of the desert life, that I said I should give him an answer next day. Next day our dragoman's contract was signed at the Consulate."

Mr. Longmore, who also met Mr. Buckle here, says:—"After the *table d'hôte* of that day at the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, we had a long discussion on the subject of the different races of man being originally distinct, or all derived from one stock. Buckle seemed to lean strongly on the latter view of the question; and when the opposite was rather too strongly maintained by a gentleman present, I could not but admire the able and effective manner in which Mr. Buckle in a few pithy

[29] *Fraser's Magazine*, p. 174, for August, 1863.

sentences closed a discussion likely to become disagreeable." [30]

The next day, 5th March, the party, which now included Mr. Glennie, crossed over by boat from Suez to the opposite shore. The water was beautifully clear, and the rocky bottom visible in every detail; but towards the coast it shoals so much that the shore has to be gained on men's backs. At the landing, camels were waiting, and the first desert journey was a camel-ride of two miles to the encampment at 'Ain Mûsa. Here they found another party encamped, who had just returned from a visit to Sinai. "We here met," says the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt, "for the first and last time with Buckle, the historian of civilization. Nothing can have been more delightful than his conversation for the half-hour I passed in his company, and he was full of life, and energy of mind. But his whole frame seemed slight, and worn to a degree; and I thought he was taking mistaken precautions against heat, which would try his strength severely." [31] Mr. Glennie also, as he says, hinted to Buckle once or twice that his costume was too

[30] *Athenæum*, p. 115, 25th January, 1873.

[31] In *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel*, in 1862-3. Edited by Fr. Galton, p. 356. London and Cambridge. 1864.

warm; but Buckle pointed out that the Arab chiefs all wore voluminous clothing, and that protection from heat is as much assured by flannel as protection from cold.[32] The result of neglect of this precaution is thus told in Mr. Tyrwhitt's own words:—"Little thought we, on the Red Sea level, of the cold of the granite glens of Sinai;" and they suffered "from dysentery, the consequence of heat and cold, and change of living, and long marches."[33] And Buckle points out, in his letter from Jerusalem, that those who differed from him, "strong and vigorous young men as they were, they fared differently—being constantly unwell, and always ascribing their complaints to the wrong cause."[34]

Buckle, though described by Mr. Tyrwhitt as "worn to a degree," was at this time in better health than he had been for several years. His dress was the same as he had worn in Egypt, with the exception that he substituted flannel for his

[32] *Fraser's Magazine*, p. 175, for August, 1863.

[33] *Vacation Tourists*, pp. 331, 342.

[34] Had Mr. Glennie looked in *Murray* he would have seen that Mr. Porter says: "It is a great mistake to wear linen, or any other thin material. Woollen cloth is a non-conductor, and when we are protected by it the sun's rays fall harmless. * * * Many throw over the whole a white Arab burnûs of very thin material, and this affords additional protection against both heat and dust."—*Handbook to Syria and Palestine*, vol. i. p. xlv. 1868.

white shirts. These, having been sent out to him from England, were not a very good fit; and his clothing was altogether old-fashioned, and not new, though it was good; as an American writer observes, "In this respect affording a not disagreeable contrast to the studied jauntiness which Englishmen are apt to affect in their travelling gear."[35]

As for the looks of his dress, Buckle did not care one straw. Indeed, he rather preferred doing things in a different way to what was customary. "The immense mass of mankind," he says, "are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery; each man being bound under heavy penalties to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. * * * Men, not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny. The consequences of this are injurious, not only to those who desire to be freed from the thraldom, but also to those who do not desire to be freed; that is, to the whole of society." Hence,

[35] *Atlantic Monthly*, p. 491, April, 1863. Mr. Glennie adds to his description of Buckle's dress (which is not correct) the words: "A wide-awake * * * shaded his *un-shaven* face." — *Fraser's Magazine*, p. 175, August, 1863. What he is endeavouring to say is, that Buckle wore a beard.

he continues, a sufficient number of experiments in the art of life are not made, and knowledge is retarded.[36] Hence his unbounded contempt for those who sneer at a man because he does things in a way different from what they have been accustomed to, without ever deigning to inquire into the merits of the case, and sometimes even despite the evident superiority of the new over the old method. He himself refused to fire salutes on the Nile, or carry a flag in the desert, merely 'because others did,' when he saw no use in it. On one occasion, when one of the boys put a bottle in the middle of the table, and Mr. Glennie wished to have it at the corner, he said, "No, leave it there. I hate to see things always done in the same way."

The next day Buckle tried his dromedary; but the following he only rode for little over an hour on that disagreeable animal, the motion of which he describes as "insufferable," and thenceforth travelled on his Cairene donkey which he had provided for the emergency.[37]

[36] *Essay on Mill.* Posthumous Works, pp. 47, 48, vol. i.

[37] Mr. Glennie erroneously states that Buckle never again tried camel-riding after that short ride from 'Ain Mûsa; and says that it was owing to his "stiffness" that the motion was so disagreeable. *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 69. The fact is, that the peculiarity of the

The route was by Wady Ghurundel and Wady et-Taiyibeh, where the sea-shore is reached; and here Buckle and the boys wandered for an hour before dinner, collecting the shells which lay strewn in abundance along the sandy shore. The usual way in which the day was passed—like the whole travelling equipage, entirely the arrangement of Buckle—was to get up at six, breakfast while the tents were being struck, start a little before eight, and generally before the baggage camels were ready; lunch generally about twelve, while still on the march, on a few figs and biscuits; then rest for about three hours during the hottest part of the day wherever there was natural shade—or, if there were none, a part of a tent was pitched. Here Buckle smoked, and talked to Mr. Glennie for a time, and then slept; while the baggage camels had time to come up, and get a start sufficient to allow of the camp and dinner being nearly pre-

camel's gait makes it necessary to swing backwards and forwards with every step, and this made Buckle giddy. He also tries to draw a ludicrous picture of Buckle mounting his donkey: "one man helping him up, another on the other side holding the saddle straight, and one holding the animal in case of fright." *Ibid.* p. 70. Mr. Glennie does not add that this, apart from exaggerations, is the way that he himself, and every one else in the East, mounts. One man holds the stirrup with one hand, and the donkey with the other, or it would certainly start off; while if there is a second man near, or the rider be a man of consequence, he is always helped up.

pared when he again came up to them, about six o'clock. Buckle, who always now rode his Cairene donkey, was independent of attending Arabs or camel-leaders. Part of the time he rode by Mr. Glennie, and talked to him; and for an hour to an hour and a half he walked, generally with the boys. After dinner, which, like all the other meals, was in the open air, he would smoke and resume his talk. Then to bed about nine, where he lit a cigar, and read Jahn's *Hebrew Commonwealth*, Murray, Josephus, or the Bible, for about an hour before he went to sleep.

The seventh day of travelling saw the party up the Nukb Bâdereh, or pass of the Sword's Point, and into Wady Maghârah, or the Valley of the Cave, so called from the mines, which, together with many dwelling-places, tanks, forts, and inscriptions, mark the ancient Egyptian copper-mines. At that time a Major Macdonald was living there, who, as Buckle says in his diary, "received us, though strangers to him, with great kindness, persuaded us to stay all day with him, and gave us some turquoises from the mines which he had discovered." He invited the party up to his rough dwelling, and regaled them on hot Arab *tortilla*—or flat cakes of dough baked on a plate of iron—ibex

cutlets, and other novelties. He then showed them the ancient mines, and gave them some ancient flint arrow-heads, a few small turquoises, and many of another kind which turned green after a short time, or almost white. These latter had brought the major into great trouble at one time, for, in his ignorance, he had sent both kinds to the European markets, and thereby brought the mines into discredit. He had first discovered them while wandering over the hills, seventeen years before, and then came and settled, where he lived for sixteen years, seeing nobody but Arabs, and yet had not learned the language! This Buckle spoke of afterwards with some contempt. At that time he had a nephew staying with him, who had learned to make himself understood in a few months. The major spoke of the ancient reservoirs, and explained how easily the desert might be made productive by simply damming up some of the torrent-beds, so as to form reservoirs. For the desert is fertile wherever irrigated; and the rainfall, though it only lasts about a couple of days, is something tremendous. When asked what he would do if strangers came to work the mines, he said that he and the Tawarah Arabs would fight them. His system was to find the mining tools,

and pay his Arabs a percentage on what they found. Each worked for himself; and whoever made a lucky discovery of a good vein tried to keep it secret, though generally without success, as he was soon tracked by his fellows. The major also talked of the terrible Arab vendetta, and pointed out a man whose life was in hourly danger. This Arab was a truculent-looking ruffian, armed with a heavy straight sword, and a gun some twelve feet long slung across his shoulder, who had quarrelled with his nephew about a case of candles which had been washed ashore. The nephew wounded his uncle, upon which the uncle slew his nephew, and was now being hunted by his nearest relatives.

Major Macdonald extended his hospitality in the kindest way to all comers; and not long after Buckle's arrival, another caravan appeared, with whom he was destined to travel during the rest of the desert journey. They also were invited to dinner, where Buckle was, as usual, the soul of the party.

The following day was a "very fatiguing" journey of twelve hours, through Wady Mukatteb, to the oasis and ruined Christian village of Wady Feirân. Dinner was late, and Buckle exhausted; but

he got up as early as usual the next day to examine the ruined houses and church. That day's journey was only six hours' duration; but according to Mr. Glennie, he had a long talk with him all day; and the following day he was so tired that he could not talk at all, though he walked from the encampment to the convent of Sinai, and back again, before dinner.

The party were admitted into the convent after they had presented the usual letter of introduction, during the perusal of which Buckle expressed very unflattering remarks on asceticism generally, and the monks in particular.[38] He did not like the look of the guest-rooms, and preferred to remain in his tent, the double roof of which proved useful that night in keeping out a heavy fall of rain. Gebel Mûsa, the Sinai of the monks and Arabs, was ascended the next day, one third of the way by a road practicable by camels, and the remaining two-thirds on foot over loose stones. On the summit is a little chapel and a mosk—the latter hung all over with votive rags, the former beplastered with dirty prints. Here they rested a couple of hours, had lunch, and a drink from the cool and refreshing spring called Moses' Well, which Buckle pro-

[38] Glennie, *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 137.

nounced to be the best water he had tasted since he left England. Then they descended to the chapel of Elijah and Aaron, where the very cave is shown in which Elijah lay hidden. In the evening Buckle and the other travellers, forming in all four parties, fired off their revolvers to try them; but Buckle had to seek advice from Mr. Gray—a gentleman travelling with another party, to whom he took a great fancy—how to load his weapon. The next day was spent in seeing the convent, its church, pictures, mosk, and library, and also in writing home :—

"As I know how anxious you must be," he says, "to have the latest possible news of the desert travellers, I have arranged to send a Bedouin express on a fleet dromedary this evening to Suez. He will reach Suez in about three days with this letter.

"We are all quite well—very tired every evening, but waking up quite fresh and vigorous every morning. Our average day's journey is seven hours of actual riding, and we rest about three hours during the day. I *hope* that we shall succeed in getting to Akaba, then to Petra, and from Petra through Hebron to Jerusalem.

"But as there are rumours at Sinai of war among the tribes, I have sent a Bedouin to Akaba to learn

the actual state of things before I venture to start; and I shall take a similar precaution at Akaba in regard to Petra. An American party leave here to-morrow, without taking any steps to procure information, and much wish us to go with them. But I do not like to run the risk, as with, I believe, one exception, no one has been to Petra during the last five years. I have sent for the head sheik, Hussein, and if he will accompany us with an escort, we will go—if not, not. So, as the Irishman said, 'Be aisy, now.'

"I am too tired to write more. The excitement and exquisite interest of the life we are leading are indescribable, but unfit me for every other exertion.

"Our encampment here is 5500 feet above the level of the sea—the mid-day sun intensely hot, but the mornings bitterly cold."

This was written on the 17th March, a day of rest before resuming the journey; but though unwilling to write, Buckle was in excellent spirits, for, in a letter written home at the same time, one of the boys says, "You must excuse mistakes, because Mr. B—— will sing ri-too-rall-loo-rall-loo." Indeed it was not until the latter part of the journey, when his last illness was already upon him, that his high spirits and constant flow of fun ever did fail.

The next day—and before, of course, the messenger had returned from Akaba—a late start was made, because, having fresh camels, the burdens had to be redistributed. The route lay for the most part along the seashore. It was here, as Buckle looked across the deep blue sea of Akaba to the many-tinted mountains of the opposite shore, that he again burst out with the conviction, already expressed in Egypt, that the beauty of colour was superior to form; and felt, what before he had little more than reasoned, how great was the stimulous of natural beauty to the imagination. With the aid of the boys he collected many shells, and specimens of red and white coral; and, as an instance of his method of education, I may here mention, that the boys one day at dinner told him how they had been amusing themselves by knocking off the tails of lizards, to see how these jumped, while the lizards ran away as if nothing had happened. Mr. Glennie remarked that it was very cruel, and ought to be put a stop to; but Buckle quietly said, that it was the nature of boys to be cruel, and that they would know better when they grew older. The consequence was that they, who had resented Mr. Glennie's remarks, and would probably not have attended to an order, were ashamed of what

they had done, and did so no more. The only adventure on the march, which lasted five days, was one that Mr. Glennie relates, that Buckle only just escaped the spring of a cobra, which had been disturbed by his donkey, and, after his fashion, gave the incident a ridiculous turn by jokingly inveighing against the blindness of fate, through which the career of a great philosopher might have been cut short by the merest accident or the most contemptible agent.[39]

On the sixth day there was a halt for the return of the messenger, and the next saw them encamped amid the palm-groves of Akaba, hard by the old square castle, and in company with three other parties, two American and one English.

From Tuesday to Saturday the tents remained pitched, while the principals of each party were negotiating with Sheik Mohammed for protection and an escort to Petra. For some time the 'Alawîn had been waging war with the Fellahîn of that place, and consequently for the last five years the whole neighbourhood had been in so unsettled a state that no travellers could venture into it. The

[39] Glennie, *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 174. Mr. Glennie, with surprising *naïveté*, relates this as having been said in sober earnest. But then Mr. Glennie was in the habit of taking jokes in this way.

last party had been attacked, one person killed, and another died of fright. Now, however, the 'Alawîn had to a certain extent gained the mastery, and the Fellahîn were a kind of powerful feudatories—entitled to a share of the backsheesh indeed, but unable to oppose the entry of travellers who enjoyed the protection of the powerful Sheik of the 'Allawîn.

There was plenty of leisure for conversation while the negotiations were going on, and Buckle particularly talked to Mr. Gray, who writes as follows :—

"Notwithstanding Mr. Buckle's anti-Christian opinions, one would have thought, that in the desert at least our fellow-travellers would have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them of studying such a man as Mr. Buckle. Yet all, with the exception of Mr. Glennie, himself a freethinker, and myself, kept out of his way. During many years' wanderings throughout the world, I have never met any one, whose general knowledge or conversational power could be compared for a moment with that of Buckle ; whether in botanizing up Sinai, or geologizing at Petra, in astronomy, medicine, chemistry, theology, or languages, everything and every subject appeared to me handled as if by a professional. And yet, how-

ever much one differed from him, his kindly mode of reasoning with me against what he believed to be erroneous views was always so pleasant and fascinating that I could not resist returning again and again to his arguments.

"Singularly enough there were three clergymen in the combined parties—a Church of England, a German Lutheran, and an American Baptist; and I remember, because it struck me very forcibly, that one day when the German was defending some point of religious doctrine, Buckle pointed out that he had omitted one or two stronger arguments in his favour, which he proceeded to give. It was quite evident to me that few priests or parsons existed who were qualified to defend their respective creeds better than was Mr. Buckle himself any one of them. I took an early opportunity of letting Mr. Buckle know that, both as a Scotchman and a Catholic, I had read with much interest his account of Presbyterianism, adding, that as Catholics were accustomed to stripes, his castigation of Catholicism also was only one of many wounds inflicted upon us; whereas even royalty coquetted with the former in Scotland, and Presbyterians were astounded at his presuming to lecture them for their misdoings. Mr. Buckle said that it was satisfactory

to him to know that, among other leading Scotchmen, the editor of the *Scotsman*, the late Mr. Russell, had welcomed his book as a boon to Scotland. While on the subject of Scotch intolerance I remember asking Mr. Buckle whether, were he living in Scotland, he would expect to be most repugnant to the Presbyterians as a Deist or a Catholic? He replied at once that he had no doubt he would be least objectionable to them as a Deist. My asking him one day what in his opinion were the strong and what the weak points of Catholicism and of Protestantism, led up to the following, to me, memorable remarks:—'I understand that the Catholic Church is making great progress in America; but it must do so, for what has it to contend against there? Only Protestantism, which is inconsistency itself. I, too, was brought up a Protestant,' he continued, 'and was taught to regard my private judgment as my birthright, of which no one could rob me. But when, in making use of my private judgment, I was led to reject Christianity, an outcry was at once raised against me for exercising this very undoubted right.' Then turning towards me, he said: 'Your church at least is consistent, for it does not profess to allow the right of private judgment. But then it starts

from false premises, for it assumes that Christ was the Son of God. Prove to me that Christ was the Son of God, and I too at once become a Catholic.'[40]

"Among his miscellaneous remarks I remember that, in a conversation on articles in the *Times* and other leading English papers, he said it was very easy for a man to sit behind his desk and write an article; but he found from experience that these writers seldom cared to discuss verbally the subject of their articles. When speaking of various authors, he occasionally added that a few years hence their works would be forgotten. A book that would not descend to posterity was evidently one for which he had but scant respect. With mighty captains he had no sympathy. Napoléon, in his eyes, was simply a curse to civilization. He did not believe in humane generals, and was much interested in some anecdotes I told him of what I had seen while serving as a volunteer in the Indian Mutiny. On the subject of the Suez Canal, he believed that the canal would be made in spite of British opposition, and insisted that Palmerston

[40] I give this in Mr. Gray's words, and he adds: "These words made so great an impression upon me at the time that I took the first opportunity of repeating them to Mr. Glennie, who acquiesced perfectly in Buckle's avowal." But it seems to me that the last word ought to be *Christian*, as it is difficult to understand how all the doctrines of Catholicism could be deduced from this.

had asked Stephenson to put all the difficulties in the strongest light, in order to prejudice English public opinion."[41]

After several tedious interviews with the sheiks, who at first agreed, then threw difficulties in the way, and finally agreed again, a start was made on March 30th, with a new escort of wild 'Alawîn in place of the gentle Tawarah Arabs, accompanied by the great sheik himself on the first day's journey, and then by his uncle. The party was now a large and powerful caravan, consisting, with the servants and escort, of 110 well-armed men. To prevent undue straggling, the midday rest was curtailed to one hour. On the first day a halt was called, as more difficulties were advanced by the tiresome chiefs. They professed to have discovered some new danger, which it would be necessary to meet by more backsheesh. "I gave it as my opinion," says Mr. Gray, that the fellows, knowing how anxious we were to reach Petra, were simply endeavouring to extort money from us under false pretences. Mr. Buckle, anti-Christian though he was in belief, chid me for want of charity. I enjoyed the reproof, but felt all the same that however learned a man might be in Europe, it was

[41] From notes kindly communicated to me by Mr. Alexander Hill Gray, of East Ferry, Dunkeld, N.B.

quite possible he might be easily fooled in Asia; and I was therefore very glad, when night came on, to rouse Mr. Buckle with the latest news after he had retired to rest. The news was simply this: Abd-el-atee, the leading dragoman of the united party,[42] had suggested to the sheik that he should demand more money all round; which money he and the sheik were to divide between them. My dragoman had no objection to the arrangement, provided that he obtained his share of what his masters paid. To this proposal Abd-el-Atee would not consent, and Hassan, turning traitor, first came to tell me that he had overheard my conversation with Mr. Buckle, and assured me that my suspicions were correct. Mr. Buckle never lectured me again upon want of charity." Buckle's worthy cook, however, who was no Rustam, was so frightened by stories of the ferocious Fellahîn, and particularly of his last

[42] Still a well-known man at Cairo. What did his party say of Buckle before him? Mr. Warner, whom he afterwards served, says he referred to Buckle as follows: "You no think the Lord he take care for his own? * * * When the kin' of Abyssinia, who not believe, what you call infidel, like that Englishman, yes, Mr. Buckle; I see him in Sinai and Petra—very wise man, know a great deal, very nice gentleman, I like him very much, but I think he not believe."—*Mummies and Moslems.* London, 1876. Pp. 318—319.

predecessor at Petra, five years since, who had been shot, that he swore the triple oath of divorce nothing should induce him to stir a step forward. The dragoman came in much perplexity to tell Buckle of this; for the triple oath is irrevocable, and the man who divorces his wife in this way may not marry her again till some one else has married and divorced her.[43] Buckle called the man before him, and, pointing out that he was bound by his contract, gave him the choice whether he would go on, or return to a consular prison. The cook became a bachelor.

In the course of the next day, and after much talk, an agreement was arrived at, and the party began their March again April 4th. On the way, Mount Hor was ascended. Buckle got up in an hour and a half, tired and hot; and rubbing his bald head, exclaimed, "No wonder poor old Aaron died when they dragged him up here!" Even the clericals laughed at this unholy remark. But the view from the summit over the neighbouring

[43] Very ugly men are chosen for this purpose by repentant husbands. They sometimes, however, refuse to divorce the woman, for her former husband to re-marry her; and they cannot be compelled. Compare the story of 'Alá ed-Deen Abu-sh-Shámát. Lane, 1840, vol. ii. p. 274; and *Ibid.*, *Modern Egyptians*, 1842, vol. i. p. 262, *et seq.*

peaks was worth all the fatigue, and reminded one—in its vast expanse, and the absence of all vegetation but a little straggling grass or insignificant bush or stunted tree—of a raised map spread before one's feet. Once at the top, an extra backsheesh was demanded for permission to see Aaron's tomb, and refused by the indignant travellers, who did not care much to see it. The descent was done in an hour, though Buckle was forced to draw his revolver on his attendant savages, who kept pushing him to make him go at what they considered a suitable rate of speed.

That afternoon the tents were pitched in Petra. In the evening the whole party had a narrow escape. There was a quarrel between the sheiks, as they sat round their camp fire, on the division of the spoil. The Sheik of the Fellahîn drew his sword, and was on the point of killing the Sheik of the 'Alawîn, who was unprepared, when the blow was turned aside by a bystander; and the angry Fellahîn chief went off in a huff, promising that as he "had the pigeons in his cage, he would not let them go;" and intimating that he would occupy the heights, and attack the party when they attempted to leave. However, the next day Buckle and some of the others began their sight-

seeing by the pass of the Sîk, a narrow rocky passage, the principal, and probably, in ancient times, only, entrance to Petra. They had hardly got half-way when the dragoman told them it was dangerous to go on; that the sheik had heard the Fellahîn were in ambush ahead, and they must return at once. Buckle quietly asked who was the messenger? and he was pointed out. "Then," said he, "I will go back; but I shall take you before the sheik, and ask him if your story is true; and if it be not, you shall be punished." Upon this the man began equivocating, saying that he had not been sent by the sheik, but thought it extremely likely that the Fellahîn might be there, &c.; and it became at once clear that he had invented the story merely to save himself the trouble of escorting the travellers about the place. On their return they found poor Achmet, the cook, the centre of a group of Fellahîn, who had found out his cowardice, and were demanding sugar, tobacco, and everything they had a fancy to. They pointed out to him the individual who had slain the cook of the last party, and chaffed him unmercifully.

The only time that Buckle was angry with Mr. Gray was at Petra. "Finding a snake," writes

this gentleman, "I killed it, and brought it to the door of Mr. Buckle's tent. 'Take that away from here, if you please,' said he; but I enjoyed his discomfiture too much to obey him at once. He was at first angry, but quickly recovered his temper, merely remarking that the mate of the dead snake would certainly take up its abode near his tent if the body was allowed to remain there. When the Fellahîn at Petra were becoming troublesome," continues Mr. Gray, "Mr. Buckle remarked, that 'if they came to his tent with guns he would probably get under the bed; but if they wished to discuss matters quietly with him, to prove he had no right to be there, he would be happy to offer the chief a chair.'"

One more day was passed in Petra; and then on the Monday the caravan slowly defiled out on the road to Hebron, with a somewhat uncomfortable feeling that the Sheik of the Fellahîn, with his rude and devoted followers, might be occupying the heights and prepared to attack. But the presence of the powerful Bedouin sheik proved a sufficient safeguard, and they passed out in peace. The journey to Hebron was uneventful. Every evening, almost, the escort wasted their powder to warn off robbers; and sang, to show their numbers.

Nearly every day they managed to get an alarm of a Bedouin attack; and once very nearly had a real affray with the Tiyâhah, near Hebron, who wished the travellers to dismiss the 'Alawîn, and take their camels instead. But the demand was peaceably resisted; and in a few hours more they were safely encamped at Hebron.

The Prince of Wales, who had been making the tour of Egypt, and thence gone directly by sea to Palestine, had succeeded in getting into the mosk which covers the supposed tomb of Abraham at this place. He had expressed a wish to the authorities, that since Christians had once been allowed to enter it, they might in future always be allowed to do so; but the wish was expressed in vain. There was nothing to see, therefore, but the outside. The Arabs were dismissed, for the desert was now passed. Horses were substituted for camels, and all enjoyed a gallop for the first time, with the exception of Buckle, who, indeed, for the last two or three days had been riding on one of the sheik's horses, as his own donkey had cast a shoe.

From Hebron to Jerusalem is only one day's travel. Buckle started at nine, taking Bethlehem on the way, walking two hours, resting half

an hour, and entering Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate at half-past four. Here he went to Hauser's Mediterranean Hotel, as it was more convenient than camping outside the town. On the 16th of April, he writes as follows :—

"We arrived here three days ago, after a most fatiguing and arduous journey through the *whole* desert of Sinai and of Edom. We have traversed a deeply interesting country, visited by few Europeans—and by none during the last five years, so dangerous was the latter part of the journey reputed to be. But I had taken my measures before venturing to go beyond Sinai, and gradually feeling my way, secured, as I went on, the protection of every leading sheik, having studied at Cairo their relative power and position. Having an ample stock of provisions, I was prepared at any moment to fall back, and return if need be to Egypt. Three other parties, chiefly Americans, joined us at Sinai, each having their separate establishment arranged, with their own dragoman, but all, for greater safety, keeping together till we reached Hebron. We were in all fifteen persons, and with our servants and escort we numbered 110 armed men. Nothing but a combination of tribes could hurt us; and such a combination I

considered to be morally impossible in the face of the precautions which I suggested, and to which, after some demur, the other parties agreed. When I say "morally impossible," I mean the odds were so large as not to be worth the consideration of a prudent man. There were several alarms, and there was undoubted danger; but in my deliberate judgment the danger was not greater than would be encountered in a rough sea with a good vessel and a skilful captain. Some of our fellow-travellers were in great fear two or three times, and assured me that they had no sleep on those occasions. For my own part, I never was kept awake ten minutes. The boys behaved exceedingly well.[44] * * * I told them always to keep close to me in the caravan; they always slept in my tent; and, without concealing from them the real state of affairs, I simply assured them that whatever happened to them should also happen to me. They believed me. They were satisfied that I

[44] Being one of the boys mentioned, I may as well state, both for my brother and myself, that we had such entire and perfect faith in Buckle, that seeing he appeared under no apprehension we believed the danger extremely remote, and were unconcerned accordingly. Mr. Glennie also was one of the least alarmed; but on his laughing at a gentleman of another party, Buckle reproved him, and said it was extremely natural, as the man had heart-disease.

meant what I said ; and I am more than repaid by their confidence and affection.

"The result is that we have seen Petra—as wonderful, and far more beautiful, than anything in Egypt. Burkhardt, about forty years ago, was the first European who ever set foot there ; and since then, not more probably than 100 persons have seen it ; that is to say, have really *seen* it as we did, at leisure, and spending three whole days there. Occasionally gentlemen without tents, and with no food but what they can carry on their own horse, gallop from Hebron to Petra (about 120 miles) in two days and a half, reaching Petra in the evening, seeing it by moonlight, and then gallop back before the Bedouins and Fellahîn are aware of their presence. The English and other Consuls, and the Governor of Cairo with other persons of influence, all declared that this was the only way I could see Petra ; but the hardship of the journey, and the risk of sleeping in the open air, prevented me from thinking for a moment of such a plan. Among the English here our journey has created quite a sensation ; and the result is one of many proofs which have convinced me of the profound ignorance of officials in the East of everything which their own eyes do not see. I had to

collect all my facts through an interpreter, but I analyzed and compared them with something more than official care and precision. Having done so, I acted; and I really look back to this passage through Petra from Egypt as by far the greatest practical achievement of my life. I believe that you are both laughing, and I am almost inclined to laugh myself. But I am conceited about it, and I think I have reason to be so; for I must, moreover, tell you that nearly all our party were more or less ill with fatigue, anxiety, and the extraordinary vicissitudes of temperature. At 3.30 p.m. the heat was on one occasion 119° Fahr., and before sunrise the next morning the thermometer had fallen *in the tent* (and our tent was by far the thickest and warmest of all) to 42°. Headaches, sickness, bleeding at the nose, and bowel complaints were very common; but we three had not even the pain or inconvenience of any kind, except that * * *. The dear little kids are now the picture of health, and we are all as brown as Arabs. * * *

"The truth is that we were the only ones who had proper food and were properly clothed. We had plenty of green vegetables preserved; also preserved meats of every kind, and excellent pre-

served Julien soup; while others, day after day, lived upon fowls, tasteless mutton, and hard biscuits. They also, in spite of my warning, committed the enormous but very tempting mistake of wearing summer clothes in hot weather. On the other hand, I and the boys had on complete winter clothing, which was never to be changed till going to bed, when I always saw myself that the boys had two good blankets over them, however warm they might be. Poor —— often complained of the heat when he went to bed; but I was inflexible as to the blankets, being satisfied that a free and constant action of the skin is the only safety valve in this dangerous climate. Others thought differently, and, strong and vigorous young men as most of them were, they fared differently—being constantly unwell, and always ascribing their complaints to the wrong cause.

* * * *

"I am truly sorry to hear of poor Capel's illness, though I am not much surprised, since for the last two years I have not been satisfied with his condition. His restlessness and irritability are, I fear the result of disease. Poor fellow! it is sad under any circumstances to feel the brains impaired; but

[45] Only about the postal arrangements.

how infinitely sad when there is nothing to compensate the mischief—nothing, if I may so say, to justify it.[46] I shall write to him to-day, and do what I can to soothe him.[47]

"It is not quite certain that we shall go to Constantinople, because I have to ascertain the character of the steamer to Pesth, and the healthiness of the Danube, which is at times visited by malaria—though, I am at present informed, this is only in autumn. At all events you shall have the two or three weeks' notice which you require of our time for being in Vienna; and as you say that with this notice you can both of you arrange to be there at any time, this prevents all difficulty, and leaves me free to act. In case of my being in Germany before I can give you due notice, I wish you would tell me if there is any healthy, and not too dull, watering-place between Pesth and Vienna, or thereabouts, where we could remain while awaiting your arrival at Vienna. It will not be advisable that the boys should stay two or three weeks in a

[46] "What booteth it to have been rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious."
SPENSER, *The Ruins of Time*, ll. 351—355.

[47] This letter I have not been able to find.

hot and crowded city. Besides, I want to get them on in German, and it will be quite time enough to visit their relations after your arrival.

"Thanks for offering to bring the *Mill on the Floss* for me to read; but you could not do so without buying it, and it is not worth while to do that. So, unless you have it already, or can borrow it, I should much prefer waiting, and reading it in London. But I want one or two books bought for my little boys. I want Newman's *Hebrew Monarchy* (published, I think, by Chapman anonymously, but always ascribed to Frank Newman), and the *Dictionary of the Bible* (or some such title), lately edited by Dr. William Smith, on the same plan as Smith's *Dictionary of Geography and Mythology;* also ask Capel for the loan of Carpenter's *Physiology*. This is for ——, but as I am not quite certain whether he can yet enter into it, I would rather not have it bought for him, especially as I can lend it to him in town, and it is an expensive book. Therefore, if you cannot borrow it, do not bring it. Carpenter's *Human Physiology*, or his *General Physiology*— either would do. Finally, for myself, please to bring some of Schiller's poems, or of the minor poems of Göthe, whichever you have; or any other German

poetry which is good, and which you have already by you, and will not take up too much room.

"I have so much to see and to do, that I cannot answer several questions in your letter, as I would otherwise. But I must tell you that I am far stronger both in mind and body than I have been since you knew me, and I feel fit to go on at once with my work. But I neither read nor write. I think; I see; and I talk. Especially I study the state of society and habits of the people. We shall stay here to the end of this week, and then go to Jericho, the Jordan, Dead Sea, and Bethlehem, and thence northward for Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, Baalbec, &c. I feel boyish enough for anything, and fancy myself growing younger; yet I am old, very old—forty on the 24th of last November. It's a great age."

The day after his arrival, Buckle looked out for a house to lodge in, for the weather was too wet to make tent-life pleasant, and the hotel was bad, and its cookery worse. He was, however, unsuccessful in his search, and consequently remained at the hotel during the whole of his stay at Jerusalem. To his stay here may fairly be ascribed the fever he caught, and finally died of. His time he spent in seeing all that was to be

seen. Of ancient Jerusalem there was then but little visible, and hence the greatest part of his time was devoted to what are supposed by some of the more devout to be the Holy Sepulchre and other holy places, excursions, the Garden of Gethsemane, the lepers' quarter, and the bazaars. Here Mr. Longmore met him again, but though he regularly saw him at *table-d'hôte*, he unfortunately kept but little record of his conversation. "I accompanied him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," says this gentleman, "and assisted him in buying a number of rosaries, made of the fruit of the Doum palm; crosses, seals, paper-cutters, and such like articles, made from wood of Mount Olivet, offered for sale in the square before the church; in all of which he showed more interest than I should have anticipated."[48] Next day, at dinner, he said he

[48] *Athenæum*, 25th January, 1873, p. 115. Buckle came home one day smiling, and in reply to a question said, rubbing his hands, he had every reason to feel elated, as he had just beaten a *Jew* down a halfpenny! in bargaining for some nick-knacks of this sort. Mr. Glennie relates this as follows:—"Once when he had lagged behind, near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as we were on our way by the Via Dolorosa, and St. Stephen's Gate, to the Garden of Gethsemane, he came up apologizing for having kept me waiting, but elated with having, in bargaining with a Jew about some glass bracelets, beat him down from twopence to three-halfpence; and *as* the Jew was always cheating in the court of the Church, even as his forefathers in that of the Temple, I could not refrain from

received a letter, I think from Thackeray himself, intimating his resignation of the editorship of the *Cornhill*, and that he proposed devoting himself to writing a Life of Queen Anne. On Good Friday Buckle came in too late for dinner, and had, in consequence, his food served cold, at which he was very wroth.[49] To judge from the gusto with which

saying that, 'while going to Gethsemane, I had no eye for glass bracelets.'"—*Pilgrim Memories*, p. 297.

This remark, apart from its curious inconsequence, and the inconsistency of the whole with the fact, is worthy of rescue from Mr. Glennie's ponderous prose. We must remember that the true Jerusalem was forty or one hundred feet below the filth on which Mr. Glennie was standing; that the Garden of Gethsemane is a pleasing (and lucrative) fiction of the monks; and that Mr. Glennie, despite this pious expression, does not in a general way express extreme veneration, even where veneration might not be misplaced; as, for instance, the passage, where talking of the Jordan he says,—"and that other event, as our good *Murray* says, 'of still more thrilling interest, the baptism of God himself in its sacred waters.' An event, certainly, after the mention of which it is, I confess, an anti-climax to conclude with the fall 'down flat' of the walls of Jericho, on the Israelites shouting and blowing their trumpets. One could, in our respectable caravan, *say* nothing against literal belief in these legends; and so, what expression could one give to one's contempt of belief, and indignation at pretence of belief in fables so puerile, so infantile rather; what expression but that of utter ignoring of them, in a gay flirtation," &c., &c. (p. 324.)

That this is Mr. Glennie's usual tone of thought, and not the reverend, which so aptly serves to make Buckle out a thoughtless miser, his whole *Pilgrim Memories* will show. Compare especially pp. 404 and 341.

[49] I find by his diary, however, that Buckle dined at the usual *table-d'hôte* hour, 6.30; and hence conclude that the hour was changed on that day without his knowledge.

he talked of the many capital dinners he had eaten in London, I think he had a great deal of the *gourmet* in his tastes. He was not a great eater, but was rather fastidious in what he ate. He told me he never got a first-class dinner in a married man's house—the only unfavourable remark on matrimony I recollect hearing him make. He talked also a great deal about ciphers, saying that no cipher had ever been invented which two men then in London, Wheatstone and De Morgan, could not find out. On the 19th of April," continues Mr. Longmore, "I went with him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to see the so-called miracle of the descent of fire from heaven into the tomb of our Saviour, where the Greek patriarch is shut up alone. As usual there was a great crowd of Greek pilgrims crushing and crowding the floor of the church in a very unpleasant way. Through the American Consul, I got Buckle a place where he could see at ease, without being hustled about."[50] This was a loggia in the gallery of the rotunda looking down upon the sepulchre. The floor around was so tightly packed with human beings that it would have been possible to walk over their heads; the heat, noise, and babel of

[50] *Athenæum*, for 25th January, 1873, p. 116.

voices were beyond description. The rain was all the while pouring continuously through the circular opening of the dome of the rotunda upon the sepulchre beneath. Looking down upon this seething mass, Buckle had to wait more than three hours, as the miracle was unpunctual—or it was waiting for the priest, who was unpunctual, as he had to wait for the pasha, and pashas are always unpunctual. At last the Patriarch entered the sepulchre, and soon after a flame issued forth from a sort of pigeon-hole on the side. The multitude became frantic. Candles were produced, and the light spread with marvellous rapidity all over the church, even the galleries contributing to the smoke and blaze. Men passed the flame round their faces, to prove that it would not harm them: for was it not of heavenly origin? Others produced pieces of rag, which they bedewed with grease, in the hope that these drops of wax, melted in divine fire, and buried with them, would cheat the devil of his due.

At last the hurly-burly is done, and Buckle returned, much impressed, to the hotel. Mr. Longmore asked him what he thought of it? "A great deal," said Buckle; "pious frauds have been considered allowable in all ages of the Church." He

resumed the subject on another occasion at dinner; and, talking besides of some processions he had seen, made some little jocular remarks upon the dresses of the monks. Seeing how the company were enjoying these sallies, Mr. Gray, who was seated near him, coughed audibly. Buckle leant back in his chair, and said, "Really, Gray, I would not have said what I did had I thought it could possibly hurt your feelings." Mr. Gray answered that Buckle ought to know him better by that time, and that he had only coughed to warn him that he was listening to his remarks, and remind him that he was a Catholic. However, Buckle turned the conversation by saying, "You know I do not think as you do; but, after all, there are many things equally difficult of belief which the Protestants accept." "And pray, Mr. Buckle," said the German clergyman who sat opposite, "what may those things be which you find so difficult of belief?" "Well," said Buckle, "take, for instance, the supposition that Jonah lived three days in a whale's belly, and then came out still alive." "Oh," said the German, "but that was a miracle." "That is an assumption on your part," replied Buckle, "not a proof that it really occurred." "Then you don't believe in miracles?" said the German, rather

nettled. "If you mean by a miracle," replied Buckle, "the reversal of the laws of nature, then I do not." Upon this the German lost his temper, and left the table; and the two other clergymen thought it their duty to do likewise. As they departed, Buckle turned round to the company, and solemnly exclaimed, "See how they flee!" The conversation was now centred on religious subjects. Buckle talked of the Prophets, and maintained against some of the company that Isaiah was the greatest, greater even than Jeremiah; astonishing them by the quotations he was able to give in support of his assertion. After dinner the talk was still continued. He said he believed in the New Testament after eliminating the supernatural; that he considered Jesus Christ the greatest teacher and civilizer of mankind that ever lived; declared "that there was that in His teaching which it was difficult, indeed impossible, to account for without believing Him to have been divinely inspired." In reply to a question whom he placed next as a civilizer of mankind, he answered without hesitation, "William Shakespeare."[52] Of the two, however, he placed Shakespeare first in the order of mind—one of "the

[52] J. A. Longmore, in the *Athenæum*, pp. 115, 116. 25th January, 1873.

two mightiest intellects our country has produced," as he calls him; "the greatest of the sons of men;" "the greatest of our masters."[53] Indeed, he considered Shakespeare to have been inspired, as Christ, and as all great minds who possess true genius, the real breath of God. He afterwards said he had never known but one real atheist, and that he was a cabinet minister.[54]

On Monday, 21st of April, Buckle and his party set out for Bethlehem, all on horseback, but the former rejoicing in the extra comfort of a cavalry saddle, which he had bought at Jerusalem. In an hour-and-a-half ride, Bethlehem was reached, and then two hours were devoted to the convent, the church of the Nativity, and the Greek and Latin chapels, the cave of Adullam, where David longed for the water of the well of Bethlehem, and the well of Bethlehem with the water which David longed for. From thence they rode to Mar Sâba, where they had appointed to meet their companions of the desert. The monastic rules were too strict to allow of the admission of the ladies of one of the parties, who consequently had to encamp outside; but the monks console themselves

[53] *History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 432; vol. ii. pp. 42, 404.
[54] *Athenæum, ut sup.*

for the deprivation of female society, and cheat their founder, the holy St. Sabas, by drinking arrack, a liquor which, as it was not invented A.D. 532, and as the saint had apparently no prophetic soul, was not included among the prohibited drinks of his foundation. The whole party started early the next morning down the rocky road to the Dead Sea, a region which, as of yore, is still infested with robbers. Thieves accompanied them, as a visible sign and receipt of the blackmail which had been levied;[55] and at one o'clock, the hottest time of the day, they arrived at the lowest point of the surface of the globe, the valley of the Dead Sea.[56] Here Buckle filled one of the tins he had had made in Cairo for specimens of the water of the Nile, Red Sea, Dead Sea, Jordan, and Tiberias. From this scene of desolation they rode on to the refreshing waters of the Jordan, and thence to

[55] It is related of a gentleman and his wife who, refusing to pay blackmail, ventured on this road a few years later, that they were set upon, and stripped of all they had with the exception of the *Times* newspaper. The gentleman returned to Jerusalem clad in the body of that journal, while his wife was forced to content herself with the supplement.

[56] It is 1292 feet below the level of the sea. Mr. Glennie takes the opportunity to sneer at Buckle because he did not expose his feeble person to the sun in the hottest part of the day in the hottest part of Palestine, "to experience the singular sensation of being unable to sink."—*Pilgrim Memories*, p. 323.

their encampment at Jericho. The next day they returned to Jerusalem by Bethany, a place Buckle did not stop at, as he had already made an excursion to it from Jerusalem.

Having seen all that was to be seen in this disagreeable and ill-smelling town, Buckle set out the next day. He had just received a letter from the boys' mother, in which was copied out the chief part of Mill's notice of the *History of Civilization*, in his fifth edition of the *System of Logic*,[57] where, talking of the causation of social phenomena, he says that Buckle has not only popularized the great principle of General Laws, but clearly and triumphantly shown that masses are governed by them in the same way as individuals are. At the same time he thinks, like so many others, that Buckle has asserted that morals are of no effect in civilization, though he agrees with him in attributing to the advance of knowledge the great improvement in moral *actions*, moral *principles* remaining very much the same; and hence, to the advance of knowledge the main, the chiefest, and almost exclusive agency in the advancement of civilization. Hence Buckle's contemptuous remark on the savage at Petra, 'Vice is better than ignorance;' for well

[57] Vol. ii., 1862, pp. 524, *et seq.*

he knew that the worst vice was ignorance, just as the greatest sinner is the instigator to sin. Let a community be vicious if you will, but if they cultivate knowledge, true and real knowledge, and not that semblance which goes under the name of an "acquaintance with literature," they must improve; no power on earth can stop it. This letter gave Buckle great pleasure: "Only a woman would have thought of sending me these extracts," said he; and during the first day's journey he had a long talk with Mr. Glennie on Mill's remarks.[58] They encamped that evening at 'Ain-el-Haràmîyeh, or the Robber's Fountain, a distance of five hours' journey from Jerusalem, having rested at Bethel an hour and a quarter. "But though," as Buckle says in his diary, he "rose at seven, such was the delay of the muleteers that we did not leave Jerusalem till eleven." He encamped at six, and dined at

[58] *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 330. "So gratified, indeed, was Mr. Buckle that, for the first and last time," says Mr. Glennie, "in my recollection of him, he expanded in a humorous practical joke—presenting one of the fellows of the encircling crowd with a cheap Jerusalem cigar, which, as he whispered to me, he had found would not draw." This is very probable, as Buckle had no objection to harmless practical jokes; it is also very probable that it *was* the only one that appeared humorous to Mr. Glennie. But Buckle would rather have given up smoking altogether than smoke bad tobacco; and never, as far as I recollect, bought a cigar in Jerusalem. He laid in a stock of Manillas at Suez.

seven o'clock. They reached Nabulus the next day, at one o'clock, after six hours' ride, including a rest of twenty minutes. Here he walked up Mount Gerizim, a fatiguing walk in the hot sun, and then visited the Samaritan synagogue, saw the Samaritan Pentateuch, and bought a Samaritan MS.; and the next day attended service in the synagogue at 6.30, where all the chiefs of the few remaining Samaritan families were assembled, clothed in white, and, to the untrained ear, making a tremendous noise. At about six the same evening he encamped at Jenîn, just on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon, having seen the church of St. John, at Samaria, on the way. He was up the next day at his usual hour, notwithstanding that he had been eleven hours in the saddle the day before, and, with the escort of one picturesque Arab guard, which is usual in crossing the dangerous plain of Esdraelon, started at 7.30 and encamped at Nazareth at 2.30. The route followed was that by the mound and ruins of El-Fûleh, an important spot during the Crusades, but now of little interest. Indeed, throughout Palestine the historical spots are of but little interest, and generally of but little authenticity; the general features of the country are, as a rule, the only real

points of interest, and not such things as the reputed prison of St. John.

Buckle's system had hitherto battled bravely with the fever, which, as I have said, must have seized him at Jerusalem, but weakened by the fatigues of the last two days, he succumbed at Nazareth for the first time.[59] He did not give way, however, without a fight. After a bad night he rose at eight, and enters in his diary, "Much better, but shall rest here all day. From 10.30 to 12 made notes from New Testament. Towards afternoon it rained with great heaviness, and I thought it better to sleep at the convent." The rain in addition against him was more than he could bear up against; and the next morning he woke with a bad sore throat, which he had felt coming on the evening before; he had no appetite, and felt so weak that, with the exception of two hours in the afternoon, he remained in bed all day, unable to read. While Buckle was lying ill here, Mr. Gray and his party arrived at Nazareth; "and although," he observes, "we were told that Mr. Buckle was lying ill at the monastery, I could not help noticing that I was the only one

[59] Mr. Glennie hints that this was due to "a certain imprudence of diet!!" *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 365. Buckle was more particular in his diet than in any other point of physical conduct.

who called upon him. He was in bed, and, pointing to his throat, told me he was sorry that he could only converse with me in a whisper, but asked me to sit down near him, and we conversed on various topics. I shall not easily forget the interest with which he listened to my narration how I fell into the hands of robbers at Shiloh, near Nabulus. He said that he had been so interested in his journey that he thought of going next year to Persia, and invited me to accompany him. Next year I had to travel through Persia with another, for my friend had performed his last journey. I advised him to call one of the monks, who was a doctor. He replied, 'I hear he is a Spaniard. Do you believe in Spanish doctors?' And I was obliged to confess I had no experience of them." He doctored himself from a little medicine-chest he had brought with him from England, and enters in his diary, "Took six grains compound rhubarb pill." But the next morning, "feeling worse, I sent early for an Armenian doctor. He touched the left tonsil with lunar caustic, and applied a small blister externally; told me to keep very warm, and by no means to get up; and to take at night another six-grain rhubarb pill." The doctor returned again at seven the following

day; but even then neither he nor Buckle recognized the true nature of the disease. He told Buckle that an ulcer was forming, which he touched with caustic, and then very unwisely ordered him half a grain of antimony, to be taken every two hours. "After two doses I found the sickness insupportable," says the unfortunate patient, "and I refused to take more, to the great regret of my Armenian doctor, who visits me twice a day, and, though a very civil man, is, I fear, a very ignorant one. He told me to keep in bed all day." "A restless night, with great prostration, amounting almost to wandering, confirmed my opinion that I am being badly treated. When, therefore, the doctor came, at 8 a.m., I persuaded him to send me some muriate of iron, of which I took ten drops in a wine-glassful of water. I further ordered strong mutton-broth to be made; for since Tuesday[60] I have had nothing stronger than rice-water and milk; and at 10 a.m. I got up, and am now writing my journal (11.15) with the window open. The throat is very painful when I swallow, but I feel better in all other respects. I would not let the doctor meddle with my throat this morning, as I wish the ulcer to reach its full size, and then

[60] This was Friday.

be lanced." The next day he writes, "Much better, but appetite being bad, and tongue covered with a coat like white cream, I took at 6.30 a.m. two of Mr. Morgan's pills, containing grey powder. Rose at 7.30. Ate no breakfast. Walked half an hour; the first time I have been out. In afternoon played backgammon. The only nourishment I can take is mutton broth with toast, and occasionally a little milk. But at 6.30 I took half a wine-glass of brandy in two tumblers of water, and felt better after it." The next day, Sunday, he was again "much better; ate two eggs and drank a cup of milk for breakfast; walked half an hour," and even smoked a cigar as he sat reading under a fig-tree.

But it was only his throat that was better. The insidious disease had not yet mastered him; but it was steadily gaining ground, and ever ready to show itself when given the slightest advantage. All the delay of his illness mattered little to Buckle himself; but he felt, and was always regretting, the enforced delay of Mr. Glennie, involving a waste of time and money to that gentleman; and he started on Monday morning for Tabaria, or Tiberias, but in so weak a state that, as he sadly notes in his diary, "I could only walk my horse all the way," and had to rest for two

hours and a quarter on the road.[61] He was a little stronger the next day, and able to stroll about Tabaria, see the hot springs, peep for a minute into the bath-house—where he notes that he saw the "people bathing, a curious but disgusting scene"—and also into the synagogue. He afterwards attempted to buy a phylactery from some of the Jews who were of German origin, and spoke German to him; but their demands were so extortionate, and their German so bad, that he grew quite angry, and bought nothing. For now he was changed in this respect, and could no longer keep his temper as before. Not that he was irascible or fretful; but little things would irritate him, in a way that was all the more observable because of his usually admirable temper in health, and constant flow of spirits, which now diminished, but never quite left him up to his death. From Tabaria he rode back to Nazareth, resting two and a half hours on the way, and "able to trot and canter a little."

The remainder of his journey is but little more than a record of illness, weakness, exhaustion, and unabated energy, interest, and delight in what he

[61] I do not wish to reflect on Mr. Glennie by this passage, for he, of course, knew nothing of Buckle's motive beyond what polite expressions of regret could convey, or his manifest weakness could hint.

saw. He left Nazareth, and reached Akka, on May 7th, after five and a half hours' journey, and a rest of two hours; and then walked through the town and round the fortifications, and looked into the prison—a large dungeon, where thieves and murderers, the least bad and the very worst, were confined together, loaded with chains, but otherwise free to do very much as they liked. They cooked their own food at a large bonfire in the middle, and a begging committee sat in permanence behind the grated gate. The next day Buckle rose with a bad sore throat again, but started all the same at eight, along the fertile plain of Akka, across the "Tyrian ladder"—a difficult pass on a spur of Lebanon, which forms the first defence of Tyre—and encamped by the ruins of Alexandroschene. After six hours' riding and two hours' rest he was "quite exhausted, and fell asleep before dinner." He started again the next morning, with his throat worse than the day before, and resumed his painful march over the "White Cape," the path of which is more difficult than that of the Tyrian ladder, and stopped at Ras el 'Ain to examine the enormous reservoirs, which are curious from the means adopted for raising the water. The springs are situated in the

plain, and gush with such force from the earth that if allowed, they would form natural fountains twenty-five feet high. The ancient inhabitants, however, knew better than to waste this valuable gift. They built round each spring a massive wall, of enormous and unnecessary strength, which formed huge reservoirs raised above the plain, and supplied various aqueducts till almost modern times, but now only serve to drive a single mill. From thence, along the sweep of sand which has accumulated over Alexander's mole, he rode to Tyre, where he went out in a boat to see the columns and other ruins, which were quite visible under the transparent water, though not so visible as they would have been had the water been smoother. Thence, leaving at about half-past two, and neglecting to visit the "tomb of Hiram," he travelled along the plain of Phœnicia, and encamped at a spot near the mouth of the Nahr el Kâsimîyeh, probably the ancient Leontes, about four o'clock.

During the night there was a long and violent storm, which, together with the pain he suffered from his throat, and probably the *malaise* of typhoid fever, caused him to sleep very badly. Several times, too, in his anxiety for the boys under

his care, he got up to feel if the rain had penetrated the double roof of the tent. The day's journey was six hours, and he arrived at Sidon at 3 p.m., where, he says, he "found rooms in a house," and then "sent for the French resident doctor, who turns out to be a very intelligent man, and is a friend of Rénan's. He says I only need rest." He could eat nothing but mutton-broth; and the next day, after breakfasting in bed, he removed to the convent, where the monks gave him "excellent rooms." The following day his throat was "nearly well; but I feel very weak," he adds, and only walked a quarter of an hour during the day. But he amused himself by playing backgammon, and looking at some Phœnician antiquities, which were sent for his inspection, and of which he bought several. The French Government were then making excavations in the neighbourhood, but Buckle was too weak to visit them, though he pushed on for Beyrout the next day, encamping about half way after being four hours and a half in the saddle. He rose the next day "stronger, notwithstanding a bad night," and arrived at Beyrout at 11 a.m. the 14th May, lodging at the Hotel Belle Vue. Here, the same day, he wrote a letter, of melancholy interest as the last he ever penned:—

"We have arrived here," he says, "all well, after a journey from Jerusalem entirely beyond all description. We diverged westward, after visiting the Sea of Galilee, in order to travel through Phœnicia. We saw Tyre and Sidon, and got much valuable information respecting the excavations conducted there for the last eighteen months by the French Government. * * *

"To-morrow we shall see the Assyrian remains near here; and the next day start for Damascus, Baalbek, and return to Beyrout by the cedars of Lebanon—the oldest and grandest trees in the world.

"I have most reluctantly abandoned Constantinople; because, although we should be there and up the Danube long before the unhealthy season, I am advised that the nights on the river are occasionally damp, and dangerous for weak eyes, and I cannot quite satisfy myself about the protection the berths afford. I don't choose to risk my * * * to having inflamed conjunctiva, for he has now had nothing the matter with his eyes for more than five months, and I intend to bring him back sound and invigorated in all respects.

"The only other route to Vienna is by Trieste. We must therefore take the steamer from here to

Smyrna, Syra, and Athens. We shall see little or nothing of Greece, as the weather will be too hot. The journey is not very interesting, but we have had our fill of interest, and must think of health.

"I expect to be at Trieste about the middle of June; and as you said that the end of July would suit you to reach Vienna, this leaves me a clear month, which I purpose spending in Gratz, or Grätz, in Styria, on the railroad between Trieste and Vienna. It is very healthy, has fine air, and is well known for masters and education. I shall take a small house, or part of a large one, have none but German servants, and work the boys well in German.

"Please, therefore, direct your next letter to Post Office, Gratz or Grätz (I find even Germans pronounce it differently), and send to the same place the books I asked for in my last letter, viz. Newman's *Hebrew Monarchy* (or *Commonwealth*), published by Chapman; and Smith's new *Dictionary of Biblical History and Geography*. This is by Dr. William Smith, and the book is on the same plan as his *Dictionary of Mythology*. To this I now add Kenrick's *Phœnicia*, as my boys have been much interested in Phœnicia, and want to know more about it than I have told them. I

shall take apartments in a house at Gratz for *one month*, and hope to take back the boys good Germanists. Four weeks' rest and good work will, after all this excitement, benefit body and mind. Consequently, if we were finally to name the 1st of August as our day of meeting, it might be well. Send also to Gratz, carefully packed in a tin canister, two pounds of tea. * * *

"I shall send from here (probably *viâ* Alexandria) two wooden cases. The largest contains nothing but curiosities—shells from the Red Sea, coral, antiquities, &c.; and you may confidently declare that there is nothing to pay duty; but if opened, the repacking will require great care. The other and smaller case contains *about* twenty pounds of the finest Latakia tobacco, *unmanufactured*. To pass this a permit from the Customs will, I believe, be required; but you will know how to proceed. The tobacco must be kept in a dry place, of equable temperature, specially avoiding heat."

The same day he brought his dragoman before the consul for not properly fulfilling his contract. It is not unusual for these men to behave exceedingly well during the trip up the Nile, in the hope of being taken on through Palestine, and then, relying on not being prosecuted, to supply the party badly

during the journey. Hassan had not brought a sufficient quantity of supplies from Cairo, nor had he made up this deficiency where he had the opportunity; and, moreover, the progress of his illness made Buckle fretful, and the less likely to look over such things. As Hassan understood Italian best of all European languages, Buckle spoke his accusation in that tongue, with the result that Hassan was ordered to refund a part of his pay. Another symptom had also begun prominently to show itself. For the last few days, notwithstanding his weakness, loss of appetite, and bad nights, he had become restless, and anxious to finish his journey. He felt it impossible to come so far, and then leave without seeing Damascus, the dream of his boyhood. A gentleman staying at the same hotel, seeing how haggard he looked, urged him to return to Europe and recruit his health—but in vain. A great part of the following day was spent in settling with Hassan at the consulate, in engaging another dragoman, and making arrangements for the continuation of the journey.

And still neither he nor any one about him recognized the nature of his disease. "Walked for one hour about the town," he writes, May 16th. "Feel better to-day than I have done yet." If he

had only been stricken down then, or delayed a day or two, we might now see the *History of Civilization* complete! But at one o'clock he started by the new French road, the only one in the whole of Syria or Palestine that can be dignified with the name; and having sent on the tents and horses to El-Merj, beyond which point the road was unfinished, he did the six hours' journey in a carriage, and arrived again terribly knocked up. "Oh this body! It is no body at all!"[62] he bitterly exclaimed. And the next day his appetite was worse again, he could only take a little milk for breakfast, and some of the other symptoms of his disease recurred. Nevertheless, he again set out at nine o'clock, walking his horse along the road where practicable, and when turned off by guards, or where the road was unfinished, along the winding track which did duty for a road. He rested three and a half hours at midday, and during this rest spoke to Mr. Glennie of his life.[63]

"I have spent fourteen years of uninterrupted happiness, which, I imagine, few people can boast of. But then it was spent in work such as few men

[62] Glennie, *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 439.

[63] Mr. Glennie puts it at this point of the journey (*Pilgrim Memories*, p. 440); and though I remember the conversation, I do not remember where it occurred.

have cared to undergo." His mother's illness and death had broken the spell; but the wound was doubtlessly healing, and had he lived he would again have been happy, if not as happy as before. But death was already upon him, and it was not to be. The whole day he could eat nothing solid; his dinner that evening was only soup. But there was still the indomitable will—the prepotent mind, too powerful for the overtasked body. Notwithstanding the increasing gravity of his symptoms he again rose at six the following day, though he had passed a very bad night; again his breakfast consisted only of a draught of milk, and his weakness was so great that he was scarce able to sit his horse. Three times had he to dismount and rest during that day's journey; and once, where the valley of the Abana forms an oasis, in the road between the desert plateau of Sahra and the ridge of Hermon, Mr. Glennie heard a cry behind him, "and turning round saw Mr. Buckle clinging to the neck of his horse. A stirrup had suddenly given way, and he had been almost thrown. The effect of this on nerves so overworn by excitement, as his now were, can easily be imagined. And as I assisted him from his horse, he said 'a sweat of terror had burst over him.'"[64]

[64] *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 449. Mr. Glennie has thought it judicious

There was now the rocky ridge of Hermon to surmount, from whence the magnificent view, so often celebrated by travellers, burst suddenly upon him.[65] Buckle was deeply affected, and dismounting, sat down and gazed upon the panorama spread below. This was the sight which had filled his childish dreams as he read the *Thousand and One Nights* at his mother's knee—that dear mother he was so soon to rejoin. This was also the historic plain, the site of many a speculation of maturer years. Did the shadows of the illustrious line of Hadad, of the leper Naaman, the proud Assyrian Lord Cyzicenus, Aretas, or Paul "the man who had done most harm to the world," of the Muslims

to omit the passage, "He was now quite beyond concealing fear," which he had in his account furnished in 1863 to *Fraser's Magazine*, p. 184.

[65] Ariosto describes it as if he had seen it :—

"Delle più ricche terre di Levante,
Delle più popolose e meglio ornate
Si dice esser Damasco, che distante
Siede a Gerusalèm sette giornate,
In un piano fruttifero e abbondante,
Non men giocondo il verno, che l' estate.
A questa Terra il primo raggio tolle
Della nascente Aurora un vicin colle.

"Per la città duo fiumi cristallini
Vanno inaffiando per diversi rivi
Un numero infinito di giardini,
Non mai di fior, non mai di fronde privi."

Orlando Furioso, Canto XVII., *xviii.*, *xix.*

sword in hand, followed by the graceful figures of Ghánim, the son of Eiyoob, the distracted slave of love, of Noor ed-Deen, of 'Alá ed-Deen, or Marids and Ján, 'Efreets and Perees, again people the smiling plain? Did he revert to great historic principles, and, looking down from this vantage-ground, seeing this sea of foliage bounded by a desert, the fertilizing streams, the luxury of position, of colour, of climate, and of fertility, again bow to the great power of nature over the minds and imaginations of mankind? Long did he gaze at that living picture. With the hand of death upon him, his keen sense of beauty had not yet gone—"This is worth all that it has cost me!" he exclaimed; and what it had cost him was, his life.

That very night as he arrived at the hotel, at eight o'clock, after a fatiguing ride through the lanes of the suburb, he sent for the only qualified doctor in the place, Dr. Nicora, a Frenchman; for, as he describes himself, he was "utterly prostrate." The doctor gave him no advice that evening, but called again the following morning, Monday, 19th. Buckle had again passed a wretched night; his tongue was white, he suffered from great and constant thirst. But the doctor failed to recognize his disease, and treated it as a common

choleraïc attack; ordered him to continue soup, and yolks of eggs beaten up with a little brandy, but not to take too much milk; to allay his thirst he was to take eight to ten drops of laudanum in a quart decanter of rice-water, two decanters in the twenty-four hours; and actually ordered him, contrary to the dictates of his appetite, to eat solid food—a cutlet, if possible, twice a day. He accordingly ate a cutlet for breakfast, and then went out for a walk of half an hour's duration in the bazaars, leaning on the arm of his dragoman. At dinner that day he was unable to sit at the table, which was spread in the courtyard of this truly Oriental hotel, between the fountain and the alcove, on the far sofa of which Buckle was lying, apparently half asleep. As the soup was being served, he suddenly started up, crying "Oh, mon Dieu, je deviens fou!" There was a great sensation at the table, and he was taken up-stairs, but remained delirious the whole evening, though he was able to undress and go to bed. This attack he attributed to the laudanum he had been ordered to take, which might have had such an effect on his exhausted and weakened frame.

On Monday or Tuesday Mr. Glennie had called on the acting consul, Mr. Sandwith, and informed

him that he was travelling with Mr. Buckle, and that Mr. Buckle was at present ill. Mr. Sandwith at once sent a message asking permission to call upon him; for which he expressed his thanks, but asked him to defer his visit until he should be better. In the meanwhile, Dr. Nicora at last discovered that his patient was suffering from typhoid fever, and immediately adopted the lowering treatment. He wanted to bleed him, but Buckle strongly objected, and only consented at last to be locally leeched, for he knew well enough the danger of this method of treatment, and especially of bleeding.[66] Accordingly he refused to follow the doctor's advice, but treated himself from the small medicine chest which he had brought with him from England, but soon got too weak even to do this, and the doctor had his own way. He was leeched on Saturday 24th, Sunday 25th, and Tuesday 27th, and the lowering treatment put into full practice.

On Thursday 22nd, Mr. Glennie called again on Mr. Sandwith,[67] "to say that he could not con-

[66] "The most remarkable symptom of the typhoid poison is the extreme degree of prostration, both of the physical and of the intellectual powers, which it produces. * * * Bleeding is most pernicious." See his *Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works*, vol. i. pp. 403, 404.

[67] *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 465

veniently stay any longer, as he was anxious to see Baalbek before quitting Syria, and intended setting out thither at once. He added, that he considered Mr. Buckle so far better as to justify his leaving him."[68] "Relieved at hearing a better account, I ventured," continues Mr. Sandwith, "as soon as Mr. Glennie had left, to call at the hotel," and on Sunday 25th he received Mr. Buckle's permission to visit him. "I found Mr. Buckle in bed," he says, "with a worn and anxious look; and sitting by his bedside I talked with him for about a quarter of an hour." Buckle spoke with him of Damascus and his travels; the old fire began to return, and he talked with considerable animation, among other things mentioning, with great admiration, the name of Dean Stanley, whose mind he considered one of the most fruitful in the English Church, and of rare independence; and incidentally, that religion, being of all others the subject of most importance to mankind, had consequently engrossed some of the deepest minds in all ages. Judging that he was fatigued, Mr. Sandwith then left, at the same time making arrangements to take the boys, who were still at the hotel, but no longer in the same room, and of whom "he seemed

[68] Letter of Mr. Sandwith to Henry Huth.

very fond," for a ride through the beautiful gardens of Damascus.

On Monday 26th Mr. Sandwith called again, with Mr. Robson, a missionary, when they found the patient's mind beginning to wander, and his symptoms generally becoming so grave that they thought it advisable to ask him if he had any testament to make; but he was not sufficiently himself to respond pertinently to their questions. Mr. Sandwith then persuaded Dr. Nicora to allow him to telegraph to Beyrout for an American physician, Dr. Barclay; he also procured an Englishwoman, who had had experience in nursing, to sit with Buckle; and he and Mr. Robson thenceforward were almost constant in their attendance at his bedside.

Even now, despite the dreadful state of weakness to which poor Buckle was reduced, his life might possibly have been saved. Mr. Sandwith telegraphed on Monday 26th, at two o'clock in the afternoon; and allowing two hours for receipt of telegram and preparation, the doctor might, with hard riding, have arrived by eight o'clock on the Tuesday morning. But by the criminal neglect of the telegraph clerks, Dr. Barclay did not receive it until twelve hours after it was sent, and then, instead of

at once starting off, he telegraphed back to ask whether his services were yet required; and precious time was lost before a second telegram, requiring his immediate presence, reached him. During Tuesday Buckle's mind was clearer again; he recognized those around him, often sweetly smiling when the boys came into the room, but he was never equal to any sustained mental effort; his articulation was very imperfect, and towards evening his mind was wandering again. Dr. Barclay arrived at three o'clock on Wednesday 28th, and at once pronounced the case almost hopeless. The patient was insensible, breathing heavily, and his pulse was at 130, feeble and intermittent; there were besides indications of internal hæmorrhage. Without waiting for Dr. Nicora, he at once gave him stimulants; and when that gentleman arrived, he persuaded him to agree to this method of treatment.[69]

[69] "I found him apparently moribund, comatose, with stertorous breathing, occasionally spasmodic, involuntary discharges, vomitting a black fluid like coffee-grounds, pulse very frequent (130 a minute), feeble, and intermitting, and extremities cold. * * * I administered an enema of assafœtida, and ordered brandy-and-water to be given, and sinapisms to be applied to extremities. * * * After some two hours the doctor called, and pronounced the case better than when he called in the forenoon, the pulse having become regular, fuller, and comparatively soft, and a warm perspiration having appeared on the forehead and chest. The

About eight o'clock the same evening consciousness began to return, and he managed to intimate that he wished to see his little travelling companions. They came in, one at a time. The first he beckoned to him, and as he bent down to kiss him, put his arm round his neck and murmured, "Poor little boys!" The other sat with him for about an hour. He had a very quiet night, with intervals of consciousness; but at six in the morn- a sudden and very marked change for the worse became but too painfully evident; and at a quarter past ten he quietly breathed his last, with merely a wave of the hand.

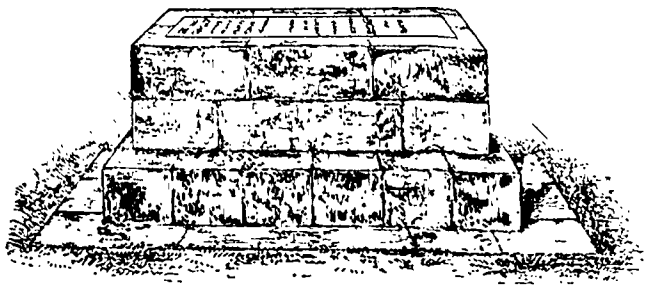
"I shall never forget the look of intellectual majesty as well as of sweet dignity which death had stamped upon his features—features which, in their sharply defined outlines, caused by excessive thinness, bore little resemblance," says Mr. Sandwith, "to a photograph of the deceased which I have since seen."[70] That same afternoon we carried him to his last resting-place, in the little Protestant

breathing was also easier and more natural. After some discussion I induced Dr. Nicora to agree to the stimulant plan of treatment, viz., carbonate of ammonia, stupes of oil of turpentine over the abdomen, which was tympanitic, and the brandy to be continued; also a blister was applied to the neck, and very strong chicken-broth administered during the night."—*Evidence of Dr. Barclay.*

[70] He never had but one taken.

cemetery, "a little company of real mourners—the doctor, Mr. Robson who had watched with me by the pillow of the departed, myself, and those two boys, the sons of Mr. Huth, who were heart-broken at the sudden loss of their noble-minded companion and friend." The Syrian sun shone hotly down as the solemn Anglican burial service was read, and mother-earth closed over that vesture of decay which, for so short a time, had enwrapped his immortal soul.

THE END.



IN MEMORY
OF
HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE,

ONLY SON OF THE LATE THOMAS
HENRY BUCKLE AND JANE HIS WIFE,
WHO DIED OF FEVER AT DAMASCUS
ON THE 29TH MAY, 1862,
AGED 40 YEARS.

THIS STONE IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY HIS LOVING AND ONLY
SURVIVING SISTER.
"I KNOW THAT HE SHALL
RISE AGAIN"

To face p. 254, *Vol. II.*

APPENDIX.

MR. GLENNIE'S MEMORIES.

ALL the biographies of any importance have already received sufficient notice in the course of this work. But there yet remains one, on the last few months of Buckle's life, which, coming from the pen of a fellow-traveller, and professing to be records of *Travel and Discussion in the Birth-countries of Christianity with the late Henry Thomas Buckle*, would appear to be of greater importance than it really is.

How Mr. Buckle made Mr. Glennie's acquaintance; how, feeling his health improve, and his love of conversation revive, he sought a companion for the remainder of his journey, and, failing the company of any one else, secured that of Mr. Glennie, has already been described. How they met at Suez, and continued their travels together

until Mr. Buckle was struck down at Damascus with typhoid fever; how Mr. Glennie, unwilling to waste his time in attendance on his dying companion, left for Baalbek, and Mr. Buckle died—has also been related, and need not be repeated. The main facts, indeed, were already known soon after Buckle's death. Well, then, may Mr. Glennie have been thought to be 'one speaking with authority,' and his work considered, not only an important contribution to Buckle's biography, but also as a shrine wherein much of his conversation was treasured up.

The book is a curious one. There is much in it about "Oneness" and the "Ideal." We are told that Christ and the chief priest and elders were in the habit of talking Greek to each other;[1] and we are treated to such brilliant flights of eloquence and imagination as the passage: "How Elysian were life, all gathering for each other, on the strand of our little star-island, the beautiful shells of natural law, and bathing in the gleaming sea of the

[1] "Most pertinent is the question of the chief priests and elders of the people—Ἐν ποίᾳ ἐξουσίᾳ ταῦτα ποιεῖς; καὶ τίς σοι ἔδωκεν τὴν ἐξουσίαν ταύτην; 'By what authority doest Thou these things? and who gave Thee this authority?' And that question cannot now be answered by a refusal to answer it—Οὐδὲ ἐγὼ λέγω ὑμῖν ἐν ποίᾳ ἐξουσίᾳ ταῦτα ποιῶ—'Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.'" *See p.* 298.

Infinite!"[2] What is even more curious to any one who ever met Buckle, is the extraordinary fact that in most cases Mr. Glennie seems to monopolize the conversation, while Mr. Buckle only ventures to put in occasionally a "Well?" or "How so?" or announce the fact that it is time for lunch. But if the reader be indulgent he will pass this over, considering that the unequal length of the paragraphs may be due to the fact that Mr. Glennie has had thirteen years to work up the arguments he urged, while Mr. Buckle's interjections come in very usefully to help Mr. Glennie along, and wind him up again, as it were, when he has run down. However, this indulgence cannot last long: for looking more carefully at Mr. Buckle's reported conversation, we feel irresistibly impelled to exclaim with the *Athenæum*, "In Mr. Buckle's lifetime he talked sense, but here he is made to talk nonsense." Occasionally, indeed, we *do* come across a sentence, a fragment, an oasis in the dreary waste of words, which Buckle's friends would recognize as his; such as his quotation to Mr. Glennie: "I can find you an argument, but not understanding." And yet, notwithstanding this natural deficiency, Mr. Glennie has undertaken to

[2] Page 246.

supply Mr. Buckle with arguments—some from passages in the *History of Civilization*, some from his *Miscelianeous and Posthumous Works*, and others, to judge from internal evidence, from his own dreams.

How, it may be asked, could two boys, the one but fifteen, the other but twelve, presume to doubt Mr. Glennie's report of conversations—which were not addressed to them, of which they took no notes, which they frequently did not listen to, and could rarely have remembered or even have understood? The answer is very simple. Notwithstanding that Mr. Glennie has waited until nearly all was published that poor Buckle left behind him—notwithstanding his assertion that he has "given all Mr. Buckle's more important opinions in the very words of his published writings,"[8] he has not read those writings so carefully but what he has attributed to Buckle in many instances the exact opposite of what he says "in his published writings." Such a proof of the worthlessness of Mr. Glennie's record was, indeed, unnecessary for those who knew Mr. Buckle at all intimately. Buckle's sentiments, behaviour, and whole tone of conversation, as here given, are so utterly different from

[8] Preface, p. xiii.

those of the Buckle they knew, that they saw at once that Mr. Glennie was quite incompetent to produce anything at all similar to what he really must have said.

Mr. Buckle's conversations have been already described in the body of this work; they were always interesting, whether a discussion of the *summum bonum* or mere *badinage*. Though vain men were not always pleased to meet him, they listened gladly enough, however they might inwardly chafe at their inability to shake his argument. "There was nothing awful about Buckle," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly;* and he enjoyed a joke, and made one, as well as anybody. He would listen with deference to anybody who wished really to arrive at the truth; but "if," says Mr. Longmore,[4] "indeed he saw symptoms of conceit, or impudent dogmatism, on the part of an opponent, he was down upon him like a sledge-hammer: and I have often pitied a poor wretch who had to submit to be pounded to pieces by him, though I must say the victim generally richly deserved it." "He never prosed, and woe betide him who became prosy in his company. In a single lucid sentence or two he took up the threads of the arguments over which

[4] *Athenæum*, 25*th January*, 1873, p. 114.

the proser was drivelling, and completely shut him up, by clearly explaining to the company what there seemed no prospect of his being able, in any reasonable time, to make clear himself."

His conversations with Mr. Glennie were no exceptions to this rule. Here was a young man, whom Buckle thought to be clever and desirous of knowledge: he intended to write a book on the *History of British Law;* he was going to publish it in two years. Nothing could be more likely to enlist Buckle's sympathy, nothing more powerful to move him to point out the road most likely to lead an earnest worker in the right direction. He very early explained to Mr. Glennie how impossible it was to write anything worth reading without having previously studied all that had been written of importance on the subject, and without having formed and exercised oneself in a good style of writing. He ought to devote at least ten years more to preparation. As he sat inside his tent with the boys at 'Ain Mûsa, the first evening of the desert life, he smiled, and nodding towards the form of Mr. Glennie, who stood outside in his red tarboosh, said, "The tall man in the red cap thinks he is going to write a book in two years." Mr. Glennie's first scientific work was published just ten years after.

Mr. Glennie seems to have omitted this conversation on his projected work, so we will go on to the first that he does give: on Buckle's estimation of the character of the Scotch. In this, Mr. Buckle asks Mr. Glennie what he thinks it was so excited the anger of his countrymen.[5] Mr. Glennie answers, that Buckle should have read more of the ballad literature of Scotland instead of the religious publications exclusively. To this Buckle is made to say nothing more than what has been published long ago in his History. Mr. Glennie then observes that he thinks "civilization in Scotland, and its history, cannot be truly represented as a whole without taking due account of both these parties (i.e. the fanatical majority and the sceptical minority); so, the fanatical Christian section cannot be truly judged except—except it be justified." Buckle is surprised, and Mr. Glennie goes on to explain, that "these men had but drunk too deeply of dogmatic Christianity,"[6] and to that should be attributed their intolerance, their belief in themselves, the patience of their flocks, their assumption of, and the public acquiescence in, their claim to be divinities on earth! And Buckle has no direct answer to make to this! He has nothing to say to the asser-

[5] Page 104. [6] Page 113.

tion that these men are pardonable because they only adopted literally, and believed without question, the words of the Bible! He allows Mr. Glennie, according to Mr. Glennie's account, to slip on to another question, which we shall presently notice, and says nothing! Why, pages of his History might be quoted in answer! He pardons them, indeed, in that they kept alive the spark of liberty: "One thing they achieved, which should make us honour their memory, and repute them benefactors of their species. At a most hazardous moment, they kept alive the spirit of national liberty. * * * This is their real glory, and on this they may well repose. They were the guardians of Scotch freedom, and they stood to their post. Where danger was, they were foremost."[7] He pardons them for that, and tells us that the real cause of their conduct was the circumstances under which they were placed. To impute blame to them, would be to blame the laws of nature. We do not, indeed, blame a man because he is criminal; we blame his education. At the same time, we can hardly praise him for his wickedness. He undoubtedly has a certain amount of free-will, and he might have been better. Nor, even if he has no free-will whatever,

[7] *History of Civilization*, vol. ii. p. 258.

will our opinion be modified. We admire the well made and strong, not the weak and the crippled. Because the Scotch Covenanters did one good thing, shall we neglect to censure those things they did which were bad? Shall we praise them for their ignorance and intolerance, their asceticism and tyranny, because they refused to allow any sort of tyranny but their own? However, undisturbed by anything of this sort, the conversation is thus continued :—

"B[uckle]. I have not yet happened to study the history of Buddhism.

"A[uthor, i.e. Mr. Glennie]. No study can, I think, be more instructive with reference to the origin and character of Christianity as a great historical phenomenon. For Buddhism is the Eastern correlate of Christianity," &c., &c.

"B. Well, I fear that I must admit the truth of your other allegation, and that it was really out of expediency rather than principle that the toleration of Christian communities historically arose.

"A. Not in Christianity, therefore, which ever was—as to this day, wherever it has the chance, it is—bitterly anti-tolerationist," &c., &c.[8]

Had Mr. Glennie read Mr. Buckle's Common

[8] Page 115.

Place Books, instead of merely looking into the index, had he carefully looked through the *History of Civilization,* had he even kept a catalogue from the sale of Mr. Buckle's library, he might have avoided so grave a mistake. In this catalogue may be found the titles of numbers of books which Buckle could not have read without studying Buddhism ;[9] while in the Common Place Book,

[9] *History of Civilization,* vol. i. p. 11, note 7. From the Sale Catalogue I select the following :—

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Calcutta. 8vo. :—

European Speculations on Buddhism. By B. H. Hodgson. Vol. iii. pp. 382—387. 1834.

Further Remarks on M. Remusat's Review of Buddhism. By B. H. Hodgson. Vol. iii. pp. 425—431. 1834.

Notices on the Different Systems of Buddhism, extracted from the Tibetan Authorities. By A. C. Körösi. Vol. vii. p. 142, *et seq.*

Review of L'Histoire du Buddhism Indien, par E. Burnouf. By Dr. E. Roer. Vol. xiv. Part II. pp. 783—809. 1845.

A Few Gleanings in Buddhism. By Colonel Low. Vol. xvii. Part. II. pp. 591—618. 1848.

Asiatic Researches, or Transactions of the Society Instituted in Bengal, &c. Calcutta. 4to :—

On Egypt and other Countries, &c., from the Ancient Books of the Hindus. By Fr. Wilford. Vol. iii. art. xiii. pp. 412, *et seq.*

On Singhala, or Ceylon, and the Doctrines of Bhooda, from the Books of the Singhalaise. By Capt. Mahony. Vol. vii. art. ii. pp. 32—56.

Introductory Remarks intended to have accompanied Capt. Mahony's Paper on Ceylon and the Doctrines of Buddha, &c. By J. H. Harrington. Vol. viii. Appendix, p. 503, *et seq.*

On the Religion and Literature of the Burmas. By Fr. Buchanan. Vol. vi. art. viii. pp. 163—308.

The Mahâwanso, in Roman Characters, with the Translation

Buckle has several notes on Buddhism. And Mr. Glennie must teach Buckle, forsooth, that "Buddhism is the Eastern correlate of Christianity." The remark was made long ago by Southey, who, though he did not see the entire bearing of the subject, yet writes: "I think I have discovered that one of the great oriental mythologies was borrowed from Christianity—that of Buddha, the Fo of the Chinese; if so, what becomes of their chronology?" and is copied into Buckle's Common Place Book, as an instance of the advance of religious knowledge in England in 1805.[10] Moreover, if this is not enough, the whole scope and tenor of Buckle's studies might have taught Mr. Glennie better; and further, since we only have Mr. Glennie's word for the assertion, he

subjoined, and an Introductory Essay on Páli Buddhistical Literature. By the Hon. G. Turnour. Ceylon. 1837. 4to.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. London. 4to.:—

Sketch of Buddhism, derived from the Buddha Scriptures of Nipál. By B. H. Hodgson. Vol. ii. art. xiii. pp. 222—257, and Appendix, pp. lxxvii—lxxxii.

On Buddha. By James Low. Vol. iii. art. iii. pp. 57—65.

A Disputation respecting Caste, by a Buddhist, &c. By B. H. Hodgson. *Ibid.*, pp. 160—169.

Journal Asiatique. Paris. 8vo. 1822—1848. *Contains many papers on Buddhism.*

Also other and general works.

[10] Buckle's C. P. B., art. 1986. See also art. 1779.

must not complain if I too assert, that when talking on Fichte to my mother he explained the relation of Fichte's philosophy to Buddhism, and said that the latter "was a most philosophical creed." Even the beginning of Mr. Glennie's sentence, "No study can, I think, be more instructive," is, with the exception of the "I think," extremely like Buckle's diction. And then Mr. Buckle has, as he *fears* to admit, *Mr. Glennie's* teaching that Christians only became tolerant from expediency! This is Mr. Buckle's own teaching, as far as concerns the immediate cause. But it is not the ultimate cause, which Buckle has so frequently pointed out in his History;[11] while, as for Mr. Glennie's teaching, "Not in Christianity, therefore, which ever was—as to this day, wherever it has the chance, it is—bitterly anti-tolerationist," it only differs in being involved and confused from Mr. Buckle's contemptuous reference to that "meddling and intolerant spirit which, in every age, has characterized ecclesiastical legislation."[12] Mr. Glennie then goes on to say, that the principle of toleration is contrary to Christian

[11] Compare, e. g., chap. viii. and p. 481, vol. i.

[12] See vol. i. pp. 520, 521, 524 and vol. ii. p. 405, of the *History of Civilization.*

beliefs, since it involves a denial that belief in its dogmas is necessary for salvation.[13] And Buckle, instead of pointing out that it does nothing of the sort,[14] is made to give the totally irrelevant answer that the Covenanters were ascetic. Mr. Glennie, in defending the bigotry and intolerance of the Covenanters, finds it necessary to point out to Mr. Buckle that this was due to their creed, and that however pernicious this creed was, they should be treated with honour for the self-sacrificing devotion which has given them a place in the history of Christian fanaticism. To which Mr. Buckle answers, that he cannot excuse this fanaticism on the score of its being the natural result of Christian teaching.[15] What an honourable position to take—"a place in the history of Christian fanaticism!" Mr. Glennie deserves credit for his powers of muddling what is so exceedingly clear in the *History of Civilization.* Buckle says that in keeping alive Scottish liberty they did a real good. "Herein, they did a deed which should compensate for all their offences, even were their offences ten times as great;"[16] and shows that "the real cause of their conduct was, the spirit of their age, and the pecu-

[13] Page 116. [14] e. g. *History of Civilization*, vol. i.
[15] Page 118. [16] *History of Civilization*, ii. p. 259.

liarities of their position. None of us can be sure that if we were placed exactly as they were placed we should have acted differently. * * * In Scotland, the age was evil, and the evil rose to the surface. * * * We should, in fairness to the Scotch clergy, admit that the condition of their country affords the best explanation of their conduct. * * * Let us not be too forward in censuring the leading actors in that great crisis through which Scotland passed."[17] In this there is sense; but where is the honour of a place in Christian fanaticism? Is it likely, too, that Buckle would have made such a lame answer to Mr. Glennie's extraordinary proposition, as merely to say that their fanaticism was not the "natural fruits of Christian beliefs?" He would have said that the practice of Christianity is the result of the state of civilization; and, moreover, that pure Christianity inculcates no monstrous persecution. But instead, he only "courteously" admits "that there was something in what" Mr. Glennie has said."[18]

"Mr. Buckle set everything on style," says Mr. Glennie, "attacht (*sic*) the greatest importance to its cultivation, and declared that it so influenced

[17] *History of Civilization*, vol. ii. pp. 257, 258, 259.
[18] *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 121.

men that that alone would preserve one's fame. Hence it was that the poets were so popular, and that the influence of their *pernicious* fancies was so great." And then he actually adds: "*My* dissent from this rather strongly expressed opinion as to the influence of the Poets only provoked a more explicitly contemptuous denunciation of them, except the two or three greatest, and particularly Shakespeare and Molière."[19] I will merely quote a few words from Buckle's *History of Civilization*:— "In England, especially, there is, among physical inquirers, an avowed determination to separate philosophy from poetry, and to look upon them, not only as different, but as hostile. Among that class of thinkers, whose zeal and ability are beyond all praise, and to whom we owe almost unbounded obligations, there does undoubtedly exist a very strong opinion, that, in their own pursuit, the imagination is extremely dangerous, as leading to speculations, of which the basis is not yet assured, and generating a desire to catch too eagerly at distant glimpses before the intermediate ground has been traversed. That the imagination has this tendency is undeniable. But they who object to it on this account, and who would, therefore, divorce

[19] Page 169.

poetry from philosophy, have, I apprehend, taken a too limited view of the functions of the human mind, and of the manner in which truth is obtained. There is, in poetry, a divine and prophetic power, and an insight into the turn and aspect of things, which, if properly used, would make it the ally of science instead of the enemy. By the poet, nature is contemplated on the side of the emotions; by the man of science, on the side of the understanding. But the emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding; they are as truthful; they are as likely to be right. Though their view is different, it is not capricious. They obey fixed laws; they follow an orderly and uniform course; they run in sequences; they have their logic and method of inference. Poetry, therefore, is a part of philosophy, simply because the emotions are a part of the mind. If the man of science despises their teaching, so much the worse for him. He has only half his weapons; his arsenal is unfilled. * * * And I can hardly doubt, that one of the reasons why we, in England, made such wonderful discoveries during the seventeenth century, was because that century was also the great age of English poetry. The two mightiest intellects our country has produced are Shakespeare and Newton;

and that Shakespeare should have preceded was, I believe, no casual or unmeaning event. Shakespeare and the poets sowed the seed, which Newton and the philosophers reaped."[20] And again he says:—"To these cases of the application of what may be termed the ideal method to the inorganic world, I will add another from the organic department of nature. Those among you who are interested in botany, are aware that the highest morphological generalization we possess respecting plants, is the great law of metamorphosis, according to which the stamens, pistils, corollas, bracts, petals, and so forth, of every plant, are simply modified leaves. It is now known that these various parts, different in shape, different in colour, and different in function, are successive stages of the leaf—epochs, as it were, of its history. The question naturally arises, who made this discovery? Was it some inductive investigator? * * * Not so. The discovery was made by Göthe, the greatest poet Germany has produced, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen. And he made it, not in spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet."[21]

[20] *History of Civilization*, vol. ii. pp. 502—504.

[21] *Lecture on the Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge.*

These few passages are sufficient, I should suppose, to convince even Mr. Glennie that he has made an eggregious blunder in attributing to Mr. Buckle sentiments adverse to poetry; and that he might easily have corrected his memory or his note-book in the course of the twelve years which elapsed between this reported conversation and the publication of it.[22] The fact is that Buckle was constantly quoting poetry; that he had all the best parts of the poets by heart; and that he read Shakespeare, Homer, Göthe, Dante, Milton, Corneille, and Molière with ever-increasing admiration and pleasure. No. What he probably did say to Mr. Glennie was, that ideas alone would not produce a good style; and that to acquire a good style it was necessary to study the best authors, as he himself had done. This was another lesson kindly given to Mr. Glennie, which he would have done well to profit by.

But Mr. Glennie is not content with attributing a dislike to the poets to Mr. Buckle; he also makes him deny the value of the imagination in science. "I got into discussion with Mr. Buckle," he says,

[22] It is not a little extraordinary that Mr. Glennie makes this mistake, seeing that he admits having read Buckle's published writings (Preface, p. xiii), and particularly mentions having heard the lecture, from which he walked home, as he kindly informs the world, "to the rooms I then had in Mount Street" (p. 102).

"on the necessary qualifications of the historian. *I maintained*, and *he, at length, partially admitted* that, for the truly great historian was requisite, not only the analytic power of the philosopher, but the sympathetic insight of the poet."[23] Now, if there was any one thing which Buckle insisted on more than another in all his writings, it was precisely this. The whole of the lecture he gave, particularly turned on it; the *History of Civilization* teems with passages deprecating the neglect of the imagination, which he shows to be one of the most important means of scientific investigation. After the passages which I have quoted above, it is hardly necessary to quote any more; yet, since Mr. Glennie may fancy that this does not apply to history, I will quote yet another passage —but one from the many which might be quoted. In his account of the Scotch intellect, he compares Hume and Adam Smith: "But Hume, though a most accomplished reasoner, as well as a profound and fearless thinker, had not the comprehensiveness of Adam Smith, nor had he that invaluable quality of the imagination without which no one can so transport himself into past ages as to realize the long and progressive movements of society.

[23] *Pilgrim Memories*, p 314.

always fluctuating, yet, on the whole, steadily advancing. How unimaginative he was, appears, not only from the sentiments he expressed, but likewise from many traits in his private life. It appears, also, in the very colour and mechanism of his language; that beautiful and chiselled style in which he habitually wrote, polished as marble, but cold as marble too, and wanting that fiery enthusiasm and those bursts of tempestuous eloquence which, ever and anon, great objects naturally inspire, and which rouse men to their inmost depths. This it was, which, in his *History of England*,—that exquisite production of art, which, in spite of its errors, will be admired as long as taste remains among us,—prevented him from sympathizing with those bold and generous natures, who, in the seventeenth century, risked their all to preserve the liberty of their country. His imagination was not strong enough to picture the whole of that great century, with its vast discoveries, its longings after the unknown, its splendid literature, and, what was better than all these, its stern determination to vindicate freedom, and to put down tyranny. His clear and powerful understanding saw these things separately, and in their various parts, but could not fuse them into a single form, because he lacked

that peculiar faculty which assimilates the past to the present, and enables the mind to discern both with almost equal ease. That Great Rebellion, which he ascribed to the spirit of faction, and the leaders of which he turned into ridicule, was but the continuation of a movement which can be clearly traced to the twelfth century, and of which such events as the invention of printing, and the establishment of the Reformation, were merely successive symptoms. For all this, Hume cared nothing. In regard to philosophy, and in regard to the purely speculative parts of religious doctrines, his penetrating genius enabled him to perceive that nothing could be done, except by a spirit of fearless and unrestrained liberty. But this was the liberty of his own class ; the liberty of thinkers, and not of actors. His absence of imagination prevented him from extending the range of his sympathy beyond the intellectual classes, that is, beyond the classes of whose feelings he was directly cognizant. It would, therefore, appear, that his political errors were due, not, as is commonly said, to his want of research, but rather to the coldness of his temperament. It was this which made him stop where he did, and which gave to his works the singular appearance of a profound and original

thinker, in the middle of the eighteenth century, advocating practical doctrines, so illiberal, that, if enforced, they would lead to despotism, and yet, at the same time, advocating speculative doctrines, so fearless and enlightened, that they were not only far in advance of his own age, but have, in some degree, outstripped even the age in which we live."[24]

This is what Mr. Glennie calls opposing the value of the imagination to the historian!

The next long conversation which Mr. Glennie reports to us, is on the non-effect of moral truth on the progress of civilization. What Buckle is made to say, when there is anything at all in his remarks, is merely a succession of extracts from the *History of Civilization;* and what Mr. Glennie says, is chiefly remarkable for the way in which he utterly misunderstands Buckle's position, and the way in which he ventures to say things which, not only Buckle, but any educated man, could easily refute.[25] However, Mr. Buckle was, as usual, woefully de-

[24] *Hist. Civil.* vol. ii. pp. 458—460.

[25] Mr. Glennie says, for example (pp. 198, 199), that Buckle attributes the rise of every new religion to the acquirement of new knowledge; whereas, what Buckle did say was, that no new religion advances civilization or influences the people, unless it is accompanied by an increase of knowledge. It is merely the old religion with a new name, and the people act as they did before it was introduced.

feated, and meekly says, "Well, I think it is time for lunch." After lunch, however, Buckle takes heart of grace, and renews the conversation, with the new weapon of the state of morality in the Middle Ages. "Mr. Buckle thought he had me there," says Mr. Glennie.[26] But how miserable was his defeat! Mr. Glennie was quite calm; his cheeks blanched not; he firmly withstood the shock; and then quietly overwhelmed his antagonist with a speech of two or three pages in length. It was Prince Giglio and Captain Hedzoff over again. Mr. Glennie's argument was, of course, quite unanswerable. Mr. Buckle had, indeed, caught a Tartar when he "thought he had him there," and could only slink away crestfallen to the innermost recesses of his tent.

It is a remarkable thing, and speaks volumes for Mr. Buckle's courage, that notwithstanding his repeated and almost invariable defeats, he should still continue to wage an impotent war against his invincible antagonist. The subject of the next conversation is the materialistic view of the Greatest Happiness;[27] a subject in which Buckle was deeply interested. In this the reader will notice with

[26] *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 200.
[27] *Ibid.*, pp. 206—219.

astonishment, that, while Mr. Glennie delivers himself of some three hundred lines of print, Buckle is unable to manage even one hundred. Perhaps some Philistine, who has not read Mr. Glennie's volume, may urge that Buckle, being a good writer and conversationalist, might have made his sentences more pithy, straight, and to the point; while Mr. Glennie laboured on, like the horse in the mill, ever circling, but never nearer to the point around which he works. But if he reads, he will find this theory untenable, for Buckle's style in this conversation is no better than Mr. Glennie's. He will find no trace of that manysidedness which is so distinguishing a characteristic of Buckle's reasoning; and which we may illustrate for instance by a reference to the letter on J. S. Mill which he wrote from Cairo.[28] The doctrine here attributed to him is poorly materialistic. In it there is no room for love. Buckle had no love! No room for poetry. No room for anything but cut and dried selfishness! There is, indeed, nothing new in this conversation, beyond the fact that Mr. Glennie understands the subject no better than he does Mr. Buckle.

It would be wearisome to the reader, and per-

[28] See p. 157 of this volume.

haps it is not possible for me, exhaustively to criticize all the conversations which Mr. Glennie has reported. We cannot read them without seeing that he is deeply indebted to Buckle; that the barren soil has brought forth something it would not otherwise have been capable of. But the crop is so intermingled with tares and weeds that it is valueless. What I have just said of the last conversation is again applicable to the next: it is all Mr. Buckle encouraging Mr. Glennie to state his opinions, and no Mr. Buckle then stating his, and examining where they differed. But that the conversation took place as Mr. Glennie writes it, I, for one, do not believe. We may allow, for instance, that Mr. Glennie quoted Aristotle in the original Greek, as he before says that he quoted Socrates.[29] The thing is possible, though hardly probable. But, that he had to add a translation for Buckle's benefit! If the translation was meant for the reader only, then why was it not put in a note, like the translation to the quotation which he says he made from Hegel in the original German?[30] But it will not do to pass all that follows over. There

[29] *Pilgrim Memories*, pp. 75, 222.

[30] A translation, moreover, which is poor literally, and grammatically bad. See *Pilgrim Mem.* p. 240, *note.*

is one, in which Mr. Glennie professes to give an account of a conversation he again had with Mr. Buckle, on the relative influence of moral and intellectual knowledge, and in which a German clergyman who was travelling with another party took part. Of the one, he merely says: "Mr. Buckle with his Deism, which, notwithstanding all his anti-theological zeal, he but obscurely saw to be but a specially indefensible theology, agreed with the German." Of himself he says: "For myself, however, I thought with Hume, the great founder of the Scottish School, and the co-initiator with Kant of a new period of European Philosophy. * * * Nor, as I maintained, was this a mere open question. * * * As to the origin of this hypothesis, it is to be found in the earlier stage of men's conceptions of Causation, which Hume (in that profound theory of 'The Natural History of Religion,' of which Comte's Law of the Three Periods was little more than a formulising) was the first adequately to distinguish as the Theological Stage, in its three progressive periods of Vulgar Polytheism (called by Comte 'Fetichism'), Polytheism, and Monotheism."[31]

The reader will bear in mind that Mr. Glennie is

[31] *Pilgrim Memories*, pp. 250—252.

telling this to Mr. Buckle, and then will turn with me to the History of Civilization, volume one, page two hundred and twenty-nine, note twenty-two, and read as follows, on Hume's method : " The historical facts he introduces are merely illustrations ; as any one will see who will read 'The Natural History of Religion' in *Hume's Philos. Works*, Edinb., 1826, vol. iv. pp. 435—513. I may mention that there is a considerable similarity between the views advocated in this remarkable essay and the religious stages of *Comte's Philosophie Positive;* for Hume's early form of polytheism is evidently the same as M. Comte's fetichism, from which both these writers believe that monotheism subsequently arose, as a later and more refined abstraction. That this was the course adopted by the human mind, is highly probable, and is confirmed by the learned researches of Mr. Grote. See his *History of Greece*, vol. i. pp. 462, 497, vol. v. p. 22. The opposite and more popular opinion, of monotheism preceding idolatry, was held by most of the great earlier writers, and is defended by many moderns, and among others by Dr. Whewell (*Bridgewater Treatise*, p. 256), who expresses himself with considerable confidence : see also *Letters from Warburton to Hurd*, p. 239. Compare *Thirlwall's History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 183.

Lond. 1835, with 'einige Funken des Monotheismus' of Kant, *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, in *Kant's Werke*, vol. ii. p. 455."

The next conversation is on the question of Hereditary Genius, which Buckle had justly said was not proved. In this conversation Mr. Glennie does not make him say anything new; but he says in the course of it:—"And with characteristic frankness, he pointed to the phrenological indications of his own head—his forehead having been, before he became bald, not even apparently by any means very high or broad; and yet,—but it was the circumstances of his life." [32]

This passage is "not even apparently by any means very" clear, or grammatical. What does Mr. Glennie mean? That Buckle having lost his hair had gained a "phrenological indication"? That having lost his hair his forehead suddenly bulged out and became "apparently by every means very high and broad"? Or does he mean to say that his forehead was an imposture, and looked high only because he was bald? What were the "circumstances of his life"? To bewilder us still more, Mr. Glennie adds the following mysterious note after the word 'frankness' in this passage:—"Com-

[32] *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 339.

pare anecdote above-quoted from the *Atlantic Monthly*." What anecdote ? The *Atlantic Monthly* says nothing whatever on the question. As it happens, I do recollect the circumstance to which Mr. Glennie thus obscurely alludes, though I cannot unravel the mysteries of his report. In talking on phrenology, Buckle, as a kind of argument that working the brain did raise the forehead, pointed to his own, and told Mr. Glennie that as a youth he had had a very low forehead, whereas now it was patent to all (and may be seen by the only photograph ever taken of him) that his forehead was remarkably high and broad. Let the reader understand this from Mr. Glennie's report, if he can.

What is the value of conversations recorded as are these? They give us no new knowledge, for all that is of value in them had been already published before Mr. Glennie wrote. They give us not only no true idea of what Buckle was in conversation, but they do give us a most wrong and harmful and untrue idea. Buckle is used simply as a peg upon which Mr. Glennie may hang his own views ; Buckle begs explanations, and Mr. Glennie explains ; Buckle says 'how so?' and Mr. Glennie adds some more explanation. Look at the conversation related on pages 345—364 : would not

any one, unacquainted with Buckle's works, put him down as a fool? Buckle is always wandering from the subject: logical Mr. Glennie is always bringing him back. Buckle seeks to escape by turning the conversation:[33] victorious Mr. Glennie, with true magnanimity allows it. Buckle has the misfortune to utter the word "toleration;" but Mr. Glennie is instantly down upon him with:—"I exceedingly dislike the word. Toleration, properly speaking, can be, and has in fact historically been, offered only by those who endeavoured to carry off their inability to suppress, by an insolent assumption of superiority in permitting. Letting the word, however, pass, my views," &c., &c.[34] As if Mr. Glennie ever dared to talk like this! or as if Buckle, despite his marvellous patience, would have allowed so insolent an "assumption of superiority of permitting!" Mr. Glennie here talks some four hundred lines; while Buckle does not take even one hundred and fifty. Mr. Glennie quotes a passage from the Greek Testament, and translates it for Buckle's benefit.[35] Therefore we must draw the conclusion that Buckle did not know Greek, while Mr. Glennie knew Aristotle's works, Socrates, and the New Testament, by heart. He is

[33] Page 353. [34] Page 350. [35] Page 363.

indeed a wonderful man, with a wonderful memory; a memory, however, which nevertheless is strangely unable to retain Buckle's conversation. Look again at the matter of these conversations. Mr. Glennie is allowed to go on with but half answers from Buckle, while any one with even a tolerable acquaintance with Buckle's habit of thought could double them. All that Mr. Glennie says here could have been easily refuted out of the *History of Civilization.*

At last, Buckle—tired of Mr. Glennie's arguments about "Oneness" and 'Mutual Determination," and endeavours to prove from his inner consciousness the great effect of moral laws on the progress of civilization—told him that if he wanted to prove it, he must do so historically; and offered him all the assistance in his power. So magnificent an offer was of course accepted with proper gratitude by Mr. Glennie, who said: "Of course I shall acknowledge the assistance from you in my preface," or words to that effect. But Buckle answered that he need do nothing of the sort: "I have made my reputation; you have yours still to make." I have seen no mention of this conversation in Mr. Glennie's *Pilgrim Memories.*

If these conversations are valueless, there yet

remains a good deal of description of scenery, which may be interesting, though it cannot, of course, differ very much from the descriptions in Murray's Guide, if both be true. But the reader will find that the resemblance is even greater than he would at first have been led to expect, as though "Murray" had had a prophetic view of what Mr. Glennie was going to write, and had forestalled him. I put a few passages side by side :—

Mr. Porter, in "Murray's Guide," published 1868.

"Damascus and its plain burst at once upon our view. The change is so sudden, so unexpected, that it seems like some glorious vision. *** This distance lends enchantment to the view. * * * Tapering minarets and swelling domes, tipped with golden crescents, rise up in every direction from the confused mass of white ter-

Mr. Glennie, in "Pilg. Mem.," published 1875.

"And suddenly here there bursts on us a wondrous scene. Below us, at the foot of the barren mountains, stretched, far as the eye, in the clear Eastern air, could see, a vast desert. But in its centre was a long strip, wide towards the north, and narrowing southwards, of the most gloriously rich vegetation. Amid the deep green

raced roofs; while in some places their glittering tops appear above the deep green foliage, like diamonds in the midst of emeralds * * * Away on the south the eye follows * * * a long green meadow, stretching from near the mouth of the gorge to the western side of the city. The Barada winds through it * * *" (p. 435).

foliage was a confused mass of white terraced roofs. Over these rose countless swelling domes and tapering minarets, glittering, here and there, like diamonds set with emeralds. And outside this Paradise-city, and between it and the desert, lay a wide and beautiful meadow, in the midst of which gleamed a winding-stream" (p. 450).

And again:—

Mr. Porter.

"Napoleon called it the key of Palestine.* * * The Phœnician Accho took the Greek name *Ptolemais.* * * * In 1229 it became the chief seat of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and the head-

Mr. Glennie.

"Our first day's journey was down to the sea at Akka—the 'Key of Palestine,' as it was called by Napoleon—St. Jean d'Acre. * * * Soon after, we passed through the gates, and rode along

quarters of the Templars, the Teutonic Knights, and the Knights of St. John. The latter took the title of St. John of 'Akka; which, in the French orthography, *St. Jean d'Acre*, became the current appellation of the city in Europe. The city was now a Babel of tongues, races, and rulers. Gibbon well remarks * * * 'a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the WORLD'S DEBATE'" (pp. 355—357).

streets that occupy the site of those of the Phœnician Accho and Greek Ptolemais; of what was once the chief place of the Mediæval kingdom of Jerusalem; the headquarters of the Knights of the Temple, the Teutonic Knights, and the Knights of St. John (from whom the town has its modern name of St. Jean d'Acre); the general gathering-place of the Crusaders; and the seat of those congresses in which all the princes of Europe met, when these now-silent shores 'resounded,' as again they may, 'with the world's debate.'—*Gibbon*, Decline and Fall, *vol. vii., close of chapter on 'Crusades.'*"

I have no more space for any further illustration of this curious identity between the versions of Mr. Porter and Mr. Glennie. But the curious reader may readily find some more for himself, by examining "Murray" whenever he comes across a descriptive passage in the *Pilgrim Memories*.

There remains but one more subject, which Mr. Glennie will doubtlessly be grateful to me for calling attention to. "I was, I believe," says Mr. Glennie, "myself the first to make any inquiry about Mr. Buckle's grave. In answer to a letter of mine, Dr. Barclay thus wrote, under date Beirût, November 24, 1864:—'I also wrote at the same time to Mr. Rogers, H.B.M. Consul at Damascus, asking, as you desired, for a pencil sketch of the grave; and in reply was informed that not even a stone or mark of any kind indicated the spot of interment! Shortly afterwards, Mr. R. came on to Beirût, when I spoke to him on the subject, and showed him your letter.' Towards the close of 1865, Mr. Rogers was visited by his sister. And through her zeal it was that, in the autumn of 1866, nearly four years and a half after his death, the grave of Mr. Buckle was, at length, marked by a simple monument."[36]

[36] *Pilgrim Mem.* p. 468.

Now, I do not know what impression this passage leaves on the mind of the reader; but on my first perusal it appeared to me that Mr. Glennie claimed for himself the honour of having directed the attention of Miss Rogers to the fact that there was no memorial marking Buckle's last resting-place. No doubt Mr. Glennie did not suppose that such a construction could be put upon his words, and will be only too happy to have the matter clearly set forth. The truth is, he had not the remotest connection with it. He no doubt did write a letter to Dr. Barclay asking for the particulars of Buckle's death, and no doubt asked at the same time for a sketch or photograph of the tomb which he, as every one else, supposed was there, for the purpose of ornamenting his *Pilgrim Memories*. Dr. Barclay wrote back to say there was none; and there the matter dropped. This was in November, 1864. Towards the end of 1865, Miss Rogers went out to join her brother, who was Consul at Damascus; and on February 8th, 1866, accompanied him to the Protestant cemetery, to visit the grave of a near relative. She went with the full expectation of also seeing Buckle's tomb; and was greatly surprised, and very much shocked, to find nothing but a rounded mound over his remains.

"Buckle's grave is not far from X——'s," she writes home two days later, "but it is unmarked! I am surprised that no orders have been given for a stone to mark the resting-place of such a man! I should like to receive instructions from some of his admirers to have a simple slab put over the spot, before people forget where it is. It would not cost much, for I would draw the inscription, and see it properly cut." This letter was sent by Mrs. Rogers to her friend Major Bell, who knew Buckle well from his writings, and greatly admired him. He also was astonished to see "that there was not a stone to mark the place of Henry Buckle's remains, and at once took an extract from" her "letter, and communicated with two of Buckle's most intimate friends, Mr. John Dickinson and Mr. Henry Huth. Both of these were surprised and shocked to hear of such neglect." Mr. Henry Huth wrote at once to Mrs. Allatt, Buckle's only surviving sister, and she at once wrote in reply:—"Thank you so much for so kindly writing to me on a subject which you know deeply interests me. After my dear brother's death I had nothing to do with the settling of affairs, but was certainly under the impression that a stone had been set." She gratefully accepted Miss Rogers' kind proposal

to put up a tomb, at the same time sending the English epitaph. This was communicated through Major Bell to Miss Rogers at Damascus, who wrote back as follows :—"Thank you heartily for helping me to fulfil my wish with regard to the grave of Henry Buckle. I *would* NOT under any circumstances have left Damascus with his last resting-place unmarked and unprotected; but of course it was more consistent that his sister should have the opportunity and privilege of dedicating a stone to his memory, and of giving instructions about it. Immediately on my return from Baalbec I went to the stone-mason's bazaar, and visited shop after shop, carefully inspecting the work in marble and stone then in hand, that I might judge of the comparative skill of the workmen, and of the kind of design they would be most likely to carry out satisfactorily. I have not quite decided about it yet; but my chief object will be to ensure (as far as the nature of things will permit) the *durability of the monument.* I shall try to interest one of my native friends here about it, that the grave may be kept in order after my departure from this city."

The tomb was finished by 30th October, 1866; and up to the year 1871, or 1872, Mr. Glennie, I understand, had not even heard that there was

one; but, happening to see a photograph of it in Major Bell's copy of the *History of Civilization*, he wrote on the 26th February, 1875, to Mrs. Bell: "I remember seeing in Major Bell's copy of Buckle's 'History of Civilization' a photograph of his tombstone. I should be much obliged if your friend Miss Rogers would kindly give the particulars of the time, circumstance, &c., of the erection of the tombstone." This Miss Rogers did; and the account I have given, showing that to Miss Rogers is entirely and solely due the honour of the first initiation, as the subsequent erection of the tombstone, is no doubt what Mr. Glennie intended to convey to his readers; but he has been unfortunate in his choice of language, and this explanation therefore became necessary.

I have now done with Mr. Glennie's *Pilgrim Memories;* and trust I shall never have to resume so disagreeable a theme. If he feel aggrieved at my treatment of his work, he has only himself to blame. The publication of these "memories," made it incumbent on every friend—nay, on every human being who honours justice and is able to wield a pen—to defend Buckle from the insinuations which they convey; and shall not I, who loved him, vindicate his memory? In so doing, I have

restricted myself to the bare proof of the worthlessness of Mr. Glennie's book; and I sincerely hope that I may never be compelled to enlarge on a subject which I have taken up with reluctance, and finish with relief.

SPECIAL

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GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, LONDON.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018